

THE MORNING WILL DAWN.



"I beheld the dear old beech trees, the dogwoods with their beautiful white
flaming that lovely forest, the clouds of bereavement which had darkened life's
even of late were uplifted."—Page 110.

"I know each beech and maple tree,
Each climbing brier and shrub I see —
Like friends they stand to welcome me."—*Alice Cary*.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan
1895

Mrs. A. W. Chilcote:

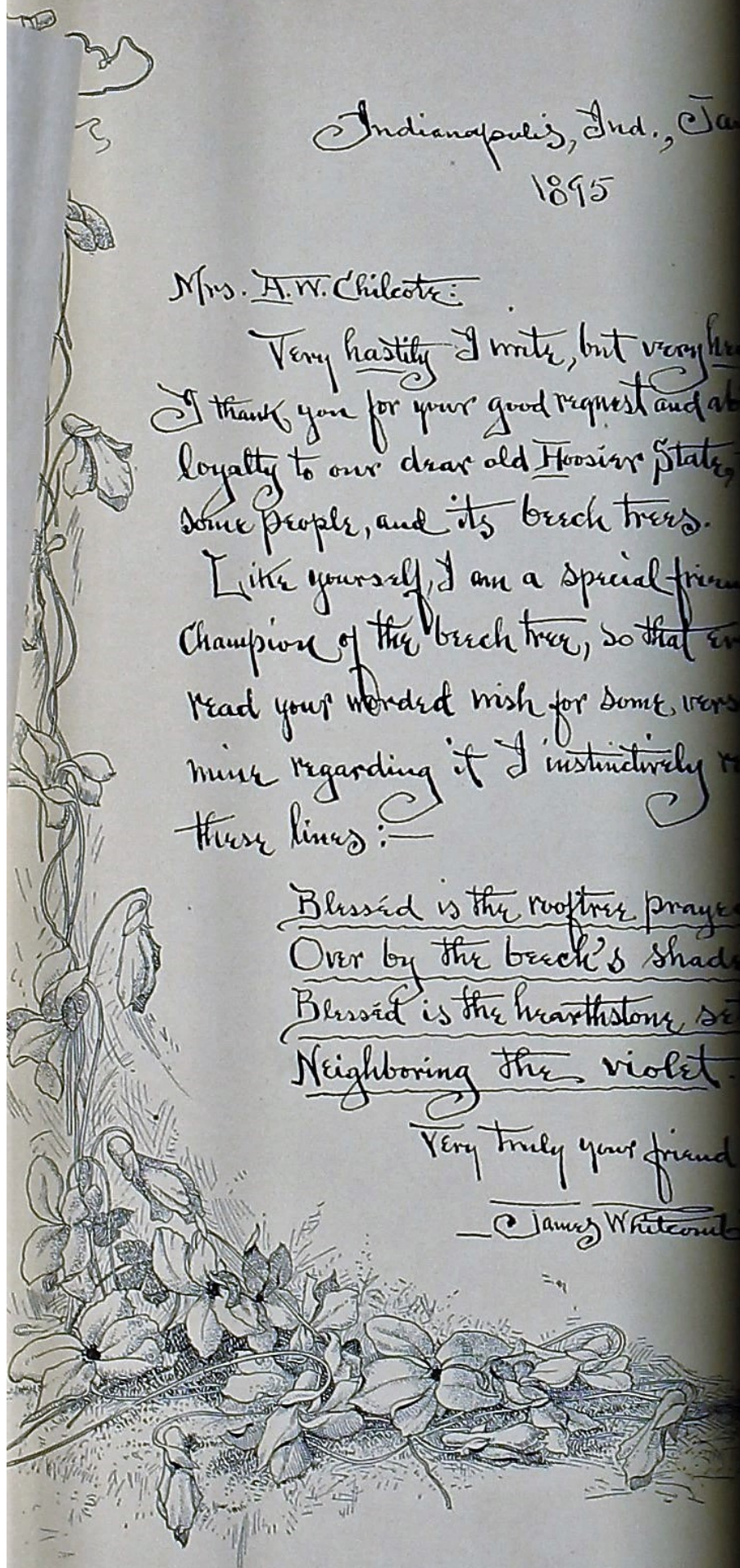
Very hastily I write, but very heartily
I thank you for your good request and ab-
solute loyalty to our dear old Hoosier State,
some people, and its beech trees.

Like yourself, I am a special friend
Champion of the beech tree, so that even
read your worded wish for some verse
mine regarding it I instinctively re-
spond in these lines:—

Blessed is the rooftop prayer
Over by the beech's shade
Blessed is the hearthstone seat
Neighboring the violet.

Very truly your friend

—James Whitcomb



*"The
Morning
Will Dawn:"*

AND OTHER PAPERS.

BY
MRS. JANE A. CHILCOTE.

*"Not in vain we seek Life's meaning. If we lift our
heedful eyes,
Voices everywhere enthrall us—the whole universe
replies."*

January.
1896.



MRS. JANE A. CHILCOTE
Donor of Washington Free City
Library.

To

The memory and ever-loving presence of

My Dear Husband,

A. W. CHILCOTE.

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PREFACE.

The articles in this book were written at intervals during the past few years, and were originally published in my home and other papers. They came to me as inspirations from the realm of daily thought and human sympathy in which I then lived. Since then I have felt called to republish them in more permanent form, and thus I send forth this little volume. I send it as a loving message to my friends, my tried and trusted friends, whose sympathy has ever encompassed my life like the spreading foliage of my native beeches, and the fragrance of whose love has been to me as the perfume of the lowly violet.

J. A. C.

AFTERWARD.

Just a pink where the clouds have been,
Just a gray mist, pale and thin,
 Over the mountains ;
And far in the west
A robin flying home to her nest
 In the sunset glow.

Just a peace where the storm has been,
Just a quiet and rest within
 Over the soul ;
And out of the gray
A vision glad of a better day,
 When the morn shall come.

— *Annie Horton Young.*

The Morning Will Dawn.

" I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on the dark forest, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day."

Through the darkest night, if we have this faith, we are safe. If we do not, we are lost in the murky atmosphere of doubt and despair. How often some impending evil puts the edge of a spiritual eclipse upon the sun as solemnly as the shadows of the moon settles upon its burning disc. How sickness or the affliction of our dearest friend turns nature palid; how the death of some loved one will convert all the trees to cypress, and the wind while passing through them sounds like a dirge or requiem. I remember lately a day of pain—a day in the depths—reaching hour by hour into darkness—in a blind struggle—longing for rest in the end—any end. The great artist was unfolding the new creation, with its bewitching lights and shadows. The hills in the distance framing the dark green forest, whose trees were making a more beautiful shadow every day, while the air was laden with the rich fragrance of flowers. The beauty seemed almost more than I could bear, for I was not

in harmony with nature while in her happiest mood. I could not look up — was trying to creep close under the arm and to the heart of the All-Father ! but could not find Him for the darkness of my soul's deep sorrow and its burden of affliction. The railroad coach was full to overflowing ; the heat intense ; the air full of dust. Amidst the busy hum of voices, how I listened for one whose inspiring tones and thrilling voice had so often lifted me into a higher atmosphere of thought and feeling, but in vain, and was not divine enough myself at that time to recognize the divinity in those around me. I shrank away in my disappointment and sorrow, virtually further removed from them all, while an intenser cry from my heart reached out toward the infinite. The rest of the night was spent in a half stupor of despair. I was aroused by sweetest strains of music. The ministers and their wives who were on their way to conference were singing "The Home of the Soul," and "The Sweet Bye and Bye." I arose, looked out of the window ; the early dawn was reddening the hill tops ; I saw the rosiness creep, and blush, and spread, and burn into the intense pervading light of the white day. A mystical stir everywhere was rising out of the hush of night — the very grass blades rustled as they had never rustled before, and the great trees stretched their green arms from sleep. I let my spirit be played upon like Eolian harp-strings. A spirit moved with my spirit, I knew not whence or whither. On and on we went, leaving the dark forest and hills behind, green and wide were the plains before us, and nothing in the way of the sky. The golden

gates were ajar, and what floods of glory came pouring in. "The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day ; for there shall be no night there." "The lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters — and there shall be no more pain — and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." An unspeakable fullness of the deep spiritual meaning of that wonderful dawn lifted and enlarged my consciousness into a grandeur and blessedness I could not have told of, only it overswept me and held me. My trouble had passed away with the darkness of the night. Would that I could fitly express what I so deeply feel. Of suffering and sorrow there is a share large enough for each, and sooner or later must the burden be laid upon every one of us, and happy the end if we faint not. For then as never before do we know our true selves, when as if in our darkness a gentle, caressing hand had been reached forth, and a soft, sweet voice had murmured low : "Come closer to me." This life, full to overflowing as it has been with cares, trials, and disappointments, has acquired a solemn sacredness, a new dawn, on account of these very things. "Even by our sorrows we belong to the eternal plan," says one. I believe more and more as time goes on in our great griefs and bereavements, the true comfort comes from seeing in all a divine hand, a mysterious, inexplicable certain love, and in going forward to do more, to love more, to be more ourselves, to put our life into love for others. We are comforted when we try to help those who are greater sufferers than ourselves. The highest joys and glories of which

The Manifold Revelation.

The fresh air this morning is delicious. A soft blue haze is on the plains, and the atmosphere is so clear that the town-clock sounds out like clarion notes. We open all the doors and windows, this September morning, that the cool sweet air may enter our home, and, loitering, with wholesome mission go out again and make room for newer and sweeter breezes. They come and go with a gentle hush, and at times there is a solemn stillness such as sometimes comes with the changing of the leaves, as if nature waited in the sweet expectancy of crimson and gold for the coming silence of the snows or the gathering storms of winter. The miracle-play of the autumn has begun — days which have a divine tenderness, a deeper gladness, a more perfect loveliness, than all the fresh charm of the budding May, than all the pomp and bloom of midsummer. These days are the crowning glory of the whole year. I often think of what some author has said of them: "Then a wind blows from the region of storms." All the seasons are beautiful in their order as the perpetual miracle moves on. My grief is, that while they come and go I am missing so much of their splendor; bird and bush, mountain and flowing water, will have so many good times and I not in them. And I sigh at the theological imagery of a world where —

" Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,"

And would fain plead with bounteous heaven to throw in an occasional October with its fringed gentians and dropping leaves—with November omitted. How beautiful would be the scene, how sweet the music, if we lived in happy nearness to the soul of things; heard harmonies above all discords, and kept a heart full of guileless playfulness, as free from misanthropy as from ambition and greed; dwelt in a region where aversions are almost unfelt—

“ Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet.”

Into each soul there shines a ray from the Sun and Soul of the Universe. Each, according to his individual capacity, receives of the fullness of Him that filleth all and in all. There is infinite variety of personal experience. “So many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them without significance.” God has some messages which he sends us by His skies and forests, His ocean and mountains, and the unconscious words of strangers, but He has others that can only reach us through sympathizing and loving voices. To some He sends His messages through the dear old church, the prayers, and the old tunes.

And yet, much as we need this quickening of our natures, how often it seems as if this motive power were altogether lacking. It is life itself “whereof our nerves are scant.” But when we reflect we can see how all along the way we are drinking at fountains of inspiration. Sometimes, after days of languor, when our spirits seem to have lost all power of spontaneous

effort, there comes a day so full of brightness, so sweet with the fragrance wafted by genial winds, so robed at sunrise and sunset with clouds of unspeakable glory, that without any conscious effort our hearts begin to sing, "Oh, God, I thank thee that I live!" What is true of the inspiring influence of days like this is true of countless other things. Strains of martial music come to make our hearts beat quick with heroic purpose. The sweet harmonies of sacred song serve to lift our souls heavenward, to make us forgetful of the poor and narrow circle of our ordinary thought and feeling, and to enrapture us with the sense of a life of infinite aspiration. The song of the poet, it may be only a single line, serves to kindle the smouldering ashes of our being into living flame. The words of some great-hearted soul in some supreme moment come like lightning flashes to clear away the foul vapors that so obscure our vision and paralyze our powers. Or it may be some man or woman, all alive with magnetic sympathies, and radiant in the beauty of holiness and helpfulness, comes near us and turns our sighing into singing, and our weakness into the sense of a strength to which all things are possible.

These are but a few of those blessed messages that have come to us all. Thus "the manifold revelation goes on." The inspiration of these thoughts came from listening to one giving a description of the grandeur of the ocean, whose awful beauty had sunk deep into his heart, awaking haunting ideals of pain and joy, making him restless for a larger life and growth. He had heard the voice of the tumbling waters. Every

nerve had thrilled joyfully to the life and motion around him. He had seen great sweeping waves whose green crest broke suddenly into beautiful masses of spray, that with its varied colors fell in glittering heaps upon the sand. He had listened to the song that breaks forever from the deep heart of the sea, had heard the laughter of happy waves upon the shore. Who shall say that the divinest words may not be spoken in these strange inward thrills? If by searching we cannot find out God, may he not come all unbidden to the heart in these great moments of strong emotion? Through the open windows of beauty He seems to look down upon our souls, and the fullness of our faith and love flows back to Him. Your best thought of God is true, and my best thought of Him is true, but all too small, our deepest emotions all too cold. His beauty shines from the starry heavens ; it glows from the autumn woods ; it is in a spray of bitter-sweet berries. And if the sight of the heavens overshadow us, the eye may rest in quiet content on the branch of berries. If we take each moment as it comes, keeping ourselves always open to present beauty, true to the present work, we are in harmony with all the great Universe ; we are God's, and He is ours.

Magnetic Sympathy.

Our influence has an extension beyond word or presence. Spirit acts upon spirit, not only through but over matter, and our intense desire for the good of our friend or our enemy affects him none the less strongly because he is not conscious of it. We think, we desire, we pray, and our signal flashes along the electric chain that binds us in a common brotherhood until it reaches the one it is meant to move, and then, if sense be not too gross to receive the impression, it becomes a sudden inspiration.

There are those who have the power of compelling us unconsciously to assimilate intellectual and spiritual truth. Only a few weeks ago we passed from under the influence of one who had the power of arousing in us a need of the highest living. We did not know as the noiseless and gentle days slipped by how much beauty they bore. We did not know in what their charm lay, but when we went into the presence of those who lived on a lower plane, for smaller ends, and with a less love for beauty, less depth of insight and feeling, we recognized the change in the atmosphere as one does who comes suddenly from pure air outside into the confined and impure air of the house. She is one of those women who are pure as dew and true as sunshine, whose life is as the exhalations of flowers. To come from her presence is like leaving a garden of spices at dew-fall. One's thoughts, like

garments, are perfumed with the aroma of gentle influences toward all that is holy and good. Such women live mignonette rose balm. We are filled with thanksgiving that there is a kindness, a beauty, a gentle loving nature every now and then showing itself socially and spiritually, one to another, that makes life rosy, sweet, and rich. There are persons going about whose souls are as a whole band of music to everybody who is near them, and one dwells in their presence in a bounty of gladness perpetually. Their imagination ranges not among physical things, but among the invisible realities. Faith, meekness, or the power of such a love, such a sympathy for men as shows them that their wickedness against you is not so much an attack on you as reason of sorrow for them. Men are educated more by the spirit of the teacher than they are by the mere truth which he teaches. We are all the subject of that indefinable something that we call sympathy, and whatever may have been a man's intellectual power or attainments, however logically or conclusively he can put his truth and enforce the conclusions by which he sought to make them practical, if as an originator he had not spirit force by which the hearts of men are touched, he has never been able to found a school or to make men heroes.

A teacher who has the spiritual power that men call magnetism will be able, through the heat of his own heart, to penetrate the heart of the scholar, to find access to the deepest feelings and sympathies by reason of the warmth which attends his words.

" But never a heart will be ignited
Comes not the spark from the speaker's breast."

How many are dead in outward beauty who have invested all in mere externals. Their ornamented ghosts walk about, but they bring no life wherever they go. This atmosphere of death in which they move is scarcely heeded. Margaret Fuller was once a spectator at a state ball given at a Venetian palace. From her gondola, she wrote, she saw the great ladies mount the stairs and exchange with their hostess what she called the " customary grimaces," and when whole lives were passed in such an exchange the variations of countenance came to remind one of a galvanized corpse. The divine energy and activity in them had never been aroused. Moral life, as well as physical life, asks certain conditions — a certain atmosphere. It is one thing to be born into an atmosphere favorable to that life, and another thing to be born into one deleterious and even fatal to it. Under the existing state of things children are constantly born into such surroundings of ignorance and vice as must pervert and poison the earliest age of their faculties. The evils thus generated are not limited to any days. They inevitably permeate the atmosphere breathed by all. The child most happily born and bred must sooner or later encounter currents of evil tendencies. A better world, then, to be born into is the first desideratum of a better human life. The great lives of mankind are few ; we can almost count them on our fingers as they shine all the way down the ages. They have made eras in religious thought and its history. They were not always

men of commanding intellect. The quality of burning love places poor, crazy John Brown in the category with Buddha. In the supreme lover, and with those who have most closely followed him, love has been talismanic. In the contagious atmosphere it has discovered the worth of degraded and despised human nature. It has looked into the heart of the slave, the savage, the outcast abandoned woman, and has discovered a divine spark. It was the great influence of this burning love that sent Helen L. Gibson, in our late war, to the colored hospital service. It required more than a man's power of endurance, for men fainted and fell under the burden. It required a woman's discernment and tenderness, a woman's delicacy and tact. It required such nerve and moral force, such executive power as are rarely united in any woman's character. Says one, "As she passed through the wards the men would follow her with their eyes, attracted by the grave sweetness of her manner, and when she stopped by some bedside and laid her hand upon the forehead, speaking some cheering word, I have seen his lip quiver as he tried to speak or touch the folds of her dress, as if appealing to her to listen while he opened his heart about the mother, wife, or sister far away; and sadder trial when the life of a soldier whom she had watched and ministered to was waiting for Him to make all things new, she seemed by some special grace of the spirit to reach the living Christ and draw a blessing down as the shining way was opened to the tomb. Unconscious of the spiritual beauty which invested her daily life, an influence went out through

look, manner, and gesture, creating an atmosphere benign and purifying, till, unaware almost, the rough were softened and the course made clear and quickened to finer heroism by love of noble womanhood." The philosophers tell us that all nature is rhythmic. The tidal ebb and flow, the backward and forward swing of the pendulum, these are symbolic of all movement. It is thus that human progress goes on. One age is introspective, mystic, transcendental. The best people flee from the world and try to live in the inner realm of contemplative thought and feeling. The tendency of the present age is all the other way. The outer world with us is everything. The immensity of modern physical discovery, the wondrous inventions by means of which we are making our conquest, the enormous increase of wealth, our products, and our manufactures, all these stir the ambition; we are looking for an earthly Utopia. And since it does not come fast enough to suit the hurry of the age, we find restlessness and groaning dissatisfaction everywhere. Thefts on the part of clerks who cannot get money fast enough, defalcations by trustees and treasurers, unceasing strikes when factories cannot run except at a loss, the general thirst for outward display, the grasping and clutching after the external condition of happiness. When the house counts for more than the man it is not very strange that everybody wants the house. It is not well to be content with poor outward conditions when better ones are possible. For as the inner condition acts on the outer life, so does the outer condition re-act in its turn on the inner.

Good houses, pleasant surroundings, healthy sanitary arrangements — these help produce not only happiness but morals. But when carried too far, and used merely for luxury and display, they demoralize instead of lifting up. You enter two houses and you can at once feel the difference between them. It does not need to be described. In one home the furniture, the pictures, the clothing all obtrude themselves upon you, and you get the impression that that is all home means. You enter the other. There is just as costly furniture, just as rich clothing, just as much of art and elegance, but you forget these. You are in an atmosphere that lifts you above all these things, and makes you know that you are in the presence of those invisible realities which are mightier than all things seen. This is not all in the air ; it is just as true of the spiritual universe as it is of the physical. The hardest kind of science has taught us that the mightiest forces of the world are the invisible, the intangible, not bricks and blocks of stone. The things that you cannot see are mighty enough to puff the mountain into dust. In our ordinary and social life it is these intangible things that are the mightiest, the most important of all. Once in awhile something happens to wake us up from our love of money and outward show, as when Agassiz says in the midst of the fishes that he is employed about matters so much more important that he cannot stop to make money ; or down from far off ages comes the cynic word of Diogenes, telling Alexander the Great that he knows of nothing conquerers can do for him but to stand out of his sunlight ; or Elias Howe

spending his whole life to bless the world with a new invention ; or the haloed head of some teacher, leader, martyr, leader of thought shines down on us out of their sky of noble achievement ; or Jesus, having not where to lay his head, talks to us of having " meat to eat that ye know not of," and of a " treasure " different from that on which we draw checks at a bank. The ideal world meant to give an atmosphere of rest to the weary, wings to the earthbound, success to the defeated, riches to the poor, visions of a perfected heaven to those saddened by misery and guilt, takes all its hues from us. Every added grace or charm, every added power or utility in us breaks out in fresh creations, in a brighter realm, in a nobler society there. Therefore, when the happy hour has struck, when you can rest from common cares, and the portals of entrance are flung wide open, enter freely and lovingly in as to your own, and to him who would say to you contemptuously, " You are but sleep-walking and in a dream life," answer back, " Yes, but God giveth his beloved sleep."

" O, Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O, men, with wailing in your voices!
O, delved gold, the wailers heap!
O, strife, O, curse, that o'er it falls!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep."

Novels.

Our public library has become the center of the intellectual life of the town, and affects the morals and manners of the entire community. The form of literary composition called the novel is eagerly demanded by the reading public; a fact that has called forth a deal of anxious discussion, in which, for the most part, novels have had rather a hard time of it. When honest old Tray was found in bad company, not all his previous rectitude of living could save him from sharing the fate of his disreputable companions. Doubtless, for reasons somewhat similar, because numbers of people write trashy novels, and still larger numbers read them, all imaginative literature suffers reproach. We, too, would most sincerely deprecate the putting in the hands of the young the trashy blood and murder type of sensational novels. A close observer must behold how largely the moral and religious instruction, as well as historical, is passing into the hands of the novelists. I heard an accomplished scholar question the duty of the trustees in the matter, for the reason that the reading of novels is not education, but amusement; which is very true of a certain class, but not of all. We are ready to admit that as an intellectual exercise, novel reading can not take the highest rank. It does not cultivate the understanding like philosophy, or explain nature's mysteries like science, or strengthen the mind like the languages, yet who can not look back to some

particular romance or novel or book of fairy tales as an event in his inner history? Who can not trace to such a book a start in thought, an impulse directing the mind to channels unknown before, a permanent impression following upon the first enchantment? Who that can do this (and who of us can not?) will not be willing to acknowledge that fiction has a powerful influence upon life and character? Such, too, is the testimony of autobiography, that fiction often plays a leading part in the awakening of genius. Cobbett dates what he calls "the birth of his intellect" to the time when he read the "Tale of a Tub." Mme. de Stael was ordained by her mother to a severe classical training, but undutifully smuggled "Clarissa" under her lesson books, and declared, years after, it was one of the greatest events of her youth.

But if we deny to fiction this high mission, the novel puts forth other claims to a dignified place in literature. How could we spare its pictures of the life of by-gone days, their morals, their manners? Where in history, for example, can we find so forcible and suggestive a representation of the active and intellectual life of the Italy of the Middle ages as is in "Romola?" also of "Hypatia" in ecclesiastical history? It has not been unusual, in all generations, for novelists to tinge their pages with moral and religious reflection, or to bring forward characters under the powerful influence of conscience and faith. But we have never, before our own generation, seen them taking the place of moralists and preachers, and dealing with the profounder wants of our nature as if they had discovered a better pulpit and

a finer method of ethical and spiritual influence. "Adam Bede," the first religious novel of the age, the novel that shows the most profound and exquisite appreciation of the most diversified and opposite kinds of religious training and experience, and in which the sympathetic characterization of Quaker, High Churchman, Methodist, and Radical is in each case so genuine that the personal opinion of the author would be just as likely to be attributed to one as the other; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—who does not understand what wonders it wrought?—and "Sights and Insights," the name of which furnishes the key-note to Mrs. Whitney's genius—these are books of both power and purpose. Her readers she herself knows must always be confined to those who have what the Scriptures call "vision." She feels her inborn call to be a teacher; a divine tenderness and delicacy of feeling gives her an insight into the spiritual significance of things. Behind all that is common, dreary, drudging, she feels the power and beauty of life itself. Nothing is but doth undergo a change (the most common) into something rich and strange in this spiritual alembic. Those who understand her are infinitely benefited by her novels. "Sir Gibbie," likened in so many ways to the Great Master; was there ever better sermon preached than in that novel? Macdonald, the author, was ever hearing the still, sad music of human sorrows and sins. The mountain, the sea, and shore, the hum and roar of city, talk only one language, and it is man's claim on man as the children of the loving and all-blessed and blessing Father. The writer, like Mrs. Whitney, gives draughts

from immortal fountains, the lifting of great rushing winds of inspiration, the commotion of oceanic thoughts and infinite feelings, that we faint and starve and perish for the want of.

Fiction has had its fashions as well as costumes and millinery. The tales which delighted our ancestors delight us no more. The scenes which moved them to laughter or tears excite our amusement or ridicule. The plots seem monotonous, the action stilted and unnatural, the language turgid, the moral tone often low and vulgar. In Butler's "*Reminiscence*," a very popular book fifty years ago, a story is told of a small party of literary gentlemen who agreed after dinner to write down each on a slip of paper the names of five books that had given them severally the most pleasure. As might be expected, the lists given in were very diversified, but the name of one book was common to them all, viz.: "*Gil Blas*." Were the same experiment to be tried at this day, when the world's literature has been enriched by so many glorious additions, perhaps there would not be an unanimous voice for any one book; but I believe that now, as then, the majority would testify to their indebtedness to fiction.

" Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,
And they must have their food."

Therefore, the greed of childhood for the love of fairy-land; therefore, the delight of youth in the adventures of a *Crusoe*, in tales of magical lamps and enchanted castles; and therefore, the survival of the novel, notwithstanding its change of form and theme, as a permanent force in literature.

Eternal Youth.

Gray, the poet, looking over a group of children sporting on a summer day, saw many of them projected down the vista of years, bent with toil, worn with care, torn with the vultures of the mind, consumed by some fever within. This vision need not have included the boys only. Look over any group of happy girls, and you may prophesy too truly that many of them will enter on domestic life and responsibility in the brilliancy of the morning hope and promise, and before many years have passed the brilliancy will all have faded, and nothing will have come in its place but wrinkles and care. Why is it that with so many as life advances it grows joyless and chill? And what are the simple conditions of keeping more fresh and green? I visited a friend not long since who had just been on the border, almost entering the summer land of the soul; she remarked: "Why don't they let me go? Why did they strive so to bring me back, when there is nothing left for me to look forward to but old age?" Since then these thoughts have borne with a burden greater than usual on my mind. Let none wonder that old age is sought with slow, reluctant feet by those who have prepared no royal seat for the power which nature has kindly and wisely dethroned. Life becomes chill, and enjoyment wanes, mainly from the depression of mind power. What faculties there are that sleep, or rather smoulder, in a great many people without ever rising

up into a clear sense of spiritual freedom and activity. All our enjoyment comes from the right use of our faculties. See with what exquisite fitness the Lord who made us has arranged this matter. First and outward the senses. These open earliest and give us the world of sensuous beauty and delight. Then the intellectual; then the spiritual—imagination, faith, philanthropy, and disinterested love—each having its own realm to range and take delight in. And observe how one set opens and grows vivid as a former one warms and closes. So that we are like a gigantic flower, in which as the calyx or outer covering peels off and fades, the inner flower's leaves open up to the sun, and breathe towards it all their fragrance; and last and best of all, the golden fruit hangs in clusters on the stem.

Now, the reason why enjoyment ceases is mainly because in so many people these inner degrees of our life are never opened. The outer and lower degrees open vividly, and then pale and grow dull, and there is nothing left but the embers and ashes of the sensuous man. How often we see this in real life; and is there anything more desolate than a collapsed old man or woman—one in whom sense has lost its keenness and its relish; one in whom the outward graces have been marred, but in whom the inner faculties have never been stirred at all? They have nothing new to tell about, nothing new to think about. Another thing, we should always be doing something outside of our personal interest and private circle, not now and then, but always, as one of the cherished objects of our heart.

The poorest one who lives must give out his life or he will lose it. He must choose some good cause adapted to his powers, and thus get a link between himself and the race, through which comes the never-ceasing pulse-beat of humanity. He need not look long ; he will find it in his own church, denomination, or community, where the work is waiting his unused faculties ; waiting to break the seal from them and set them free. Hence the great benefit of being a living member of some church or denomination through which flows the finer life-blood of our human nature ; if for no other reason, to keep us from the dry-rot of selfish individuality and isolation.

Our spiritual faculties lie inmost, so they are the last to open into perfect flower and fruit. And it is one of the great compensations that when our natures are unfolded in their divine order, as sense becomes more dull the spiritual powers, if touched at all, become more clear, strong, and far-seeing. So that the prospect ever brightens and widens to the last. And this is eternal youth, to be always learning, doing, and praying. - I wish this subject could make its just appeal to those who can now decide for themselves whether existence shall be to them a short-lived pleasure or everlasting beauty and joy. If the conditions are neglected they will sink under the burdens of the day, or the soul, poor and wrinkled, as soon as the animal spirits have exhaled and the sparkle of the hour gone, will sink into vacancy. These conditions observed, the heart and mind never grow old. Remembering my own childish and youthful dread of life's declivity, it seems to me

we owe it to those who follow us to report if any golden light still tinges mountain, cloud, and stream. To be sure, I am not exactly on the declivity yet, only on the summit of the hill, catching the first silvery sheen frost, with the weltering sun full upon my face. How looks the prospect to me then? Does it reflect soberer tints on land and sea? Truly, it lacks the intense color once seen, and where the cloud-banks lie, the lift, if I might so designate that towards which our hearts turn in happiness, is in a wholly different direction. That flood of light that once poured on the path far before us is gone — mildly diffused over the whole landscape of more than Tuscan richness and beauty. Then let us grow old, if we can, without teaching the young by our example that it is a state of misery, ugliness, and weakness; for we may be what they understand and instinctively admire — happy in our quiet way, beautiful in our different kind, and powerful in that strength of the inner man taught by the spirit alone — may live in a surer trust than reason could ever have reached, and rest, we know not why, in the everlasting arms.

The Social Question.

The social question may baffle us. - The aspect of our national progress is, in some respects, as discouraging as those opposed to a republican form of government could wish. Yet there are gleams of light for those who believe with Kingsley, "that the longer we live the more we realize that the world is not going your way, nor my way, but God's way." Even now, while there is so much discord in the very air, and stout hearts falter in faith and hope, ideas of more primal interest to the race than problems of government or theology are beginning to receive acceptance in some of the more thoughtful minds. We are learning to begin at the beginning. Emerson says, "All truth is in the air, but only receptive minds perceive it." It seems shamefully late in the history of civilization to begin, unless we remember that everything must have its growing time before it can come to its blossoming. Before we can have just and honorable governments, consistency and charity among churches, the individual everywhere must be perfected. There is nothing to be gained by attacking results. If all the roses on a rose tree turn out warped and cankered to-day, in vain we attempt to straighten the petals. The sooner we put charcoal about the root and loosen the mold, and supply it judiciously with water and sunshine, the better. All we can do is to wait patiently for the roses of an-

other season. One whose name is becoming known and honored in this country as the first authority in the science of child education said we must acknowledge the claims of childhood to our attention and respect, or we "could never realize our ideals." A change has come over public opinion since this was said, of whose silent growth Froebel and others were but the "prologue to omen coming on." The great question of the human ages has been the improvement of mankind. The wise and good have forever been asking "How?" and forever waiting thus far for the answer that would satisfy the high hopes of their souls; waiting because all proposed methods of accomplishing it have been purely speculative, visionary, and contrived, or else narrow, coercive, and antagonistic to nature, or baseless in truth.

In the vast resources of nature every faculty, as well as every life, has its ample and satisfying sphere of action. It may be long reserved; the more nearly its character approaches the divine the longer will its development be postponed. But it will come. In the low, desperate struggles of the physical ages, even the bondage of women had its beneficent aspect for humanity. Her finer nature, in which lies her only freedom, could neither assert nor accommodate itself in those tough conflicts with the material, in that murky atmosphere of storm and battle. Better, therefore, that it should be temporarily ignored by herself, as well as by the legitimate sovereigns of those epochs. For so she could better render the service required of her for the universal good. In its first occupancy of the

earth the race had need of numbers and physical power. But now the higher way is visible, is open here at our feet. Society has reached that point on the road of progress where it can see a nobler, better way. That society is far advanced when the question is earnestly discussed among men and women. In every period, whether dark or clear, and in every movement of the race, whether slow or swift, there are souls of larger vision who are the high blooming land of promise to mankind, shining above the darkness and mist wherein it is groping. The burden of the uplifting of humanity is on them, the nearer they follow in the footsteps of the Great Teacher and Burden-bearer of the race. Hence comes the free discussion of the maternal relations to humanity.

In the age of animal action and dominant selfishness maternity was almost as amply functional in the human as in the quadruped. The great features of human progress have harmonized with the character of maternity. With the intelligent freedom of woman comes the universal freedom of the race. Woman, as mother, should have freedom in its broadest sense. To have a consciousness of power and know herself artistic instead of simply functional is to feel herself trusted by nature, and, therefore, empowered to the divinest and most enduring work delegated to humanity. The mothers who have borne the great and good souls who have illumined the ages performed their maternity through an awakened and inspired consciousness of power therein. It was deepened in them for the time, until it reached and brought to light this hidden force,

which, employed for a few weeks or months, left its great results, and retired perhaps never to see the light again in that horizon. Few women yet understand the divine phenomena of womanhood. The maternity performed in rebellion, bitterness, and hate produces murderers, drunkards, thieves, and the lowest type of humanity. Let every woman feel this tremendous responsibility, and then she will rise somewhere toward its adequate discharge. How grand and glorious, and yet what a weight of responsibility to be the mother of an immortal soul ! A wonderful tale, to be told with bated breath, and heard with heart palpitating between hope and fear. Remember, O mothers, your influence ! It is not passion that creates, except in the low, blind, instinctive sense of brute action, Spirituality is the creative element of the mother nature. It magnifies maternity, sees its real glory, and rejoices in it. It gives the mother at once pride and humility ; pride in her great office, though a manger be its theatre ; humility in herself as an instrument in the Divine hand for its accomplishment. For a glad spiritual maternity is woman's highest religion, as an earnest, pure, searching love is that of man. Let man feel in this the divinest of all human conceptions of art. The mothers must then be free from all sway, authority, and domination, whether harsh or gentle, that can be felt as a rule. Much more the help must be of that delicate, suggestive sympathy, moral appeal, and inspiration of mind or soul. Give her the freedom of choice in all the helps in this maternal work. Books, persons, social or affectionate relations,

experience, art, travel with its stimulus for the intellect, religious privileges that are such, not wearisome forms, merely sympathy that feeds and kindles the fires of the soul—all are aids provided for the creating mother. Let her be the chooser of the time when she feels her own need of them; her own judgment should be left uncontrolled in such a momentous work as nature leaves in her hands in this case. Deprived of her freedom in her maternity, woman leaves her best work undone, and society, the church, schools, the prisons, and the policemen have to undertake in her stead, with what success let the history and condition of each tell. How many, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, take this greatest of all responsibilities with no higher purpose than that of satisfying the maternal instinct which the quadruped feels and acts from, instead of the intelligent, artistic purpose (to which the maternal instinct is a fundamental motive) which, acting in harmony with nature, produces the most perfect being which the powers and resources employed can bring forth! We are learning to begin at the beginning. We are even finding out that for the child to begin aright he must be born in an atmosphere of understanding as well as love. And so we are learning to educate his mother, and she is preparing to take her place and know her obligations. All the thinking she can do, all the true equality she can conquer, will only help to train and fit her for the serious, the divine responsibility of the charge of humanity in its most impressionable stages. When women know their business they will be respected in it, and will give us a

humanity divinely born, to which the cumbrous civil, charitable, and religious machinery of regeneration and restraint now weighing like a mill-stone on the neck of society will be no more needful.

Health—Physical and Spiritual.

Physicians study and know much of the diseases and needs of the body : of stagnation of the blood, congestion, malarious exhalations, etc. Thoughtful men have accordingly been led to look at this fact, seeing to it that their wells of water shall have free inlets and outlets ; that the ventilation of their rooms shall let in the fresh air, passing out through the casement, making room for newer and still fresher breezes. There is another phase of this law of free circulation, of which thousands are still dwelling in the darkness of the Middle Ages. How few have learned to manage their own minds and hearts, about the stagnation, the congestion, the malarious exhalations, that are as fatal realities of mental experiences as are these others of physical. "The soul is the subtlest of poisons," says the East Indian proverb, and close observers have found it to be so in the disintegrating effect wrought upon their own systems by over-wrought passions, repinings, and heart-burnings. The aim of the assassin's bullet did not more surely give the death-blow to our beloved

chief than does the aiming of words with poisoned arrows often cause the death of an apprehensive soul. Self-sustaining as we may be, doubtless they keep us alive who persuade us we are of some importance, and that there is still a reason for us to stay yet for a time in the world. But there are moral reliefs for this stagnation of soul. Have you suffered any disappointment, grief, calamity, or treachery through whose wound from a falsely-trusted friend your life threatens to bleed away? Take it with you to the temple of beauty and strength, to the house of God not made with hands, and in the pure air of the mountains you will soon find you have left it behind. When I went to the mountain my Judas did not go with me. The dust of the ground up the mountain side stanchd my stabs. The intoxicating air laden with fragrance, the mountain stream rushing over pebbly bottoms with beautiful singing rapids, and the twittering of birds cooled the fever and dispelled the malaria of my soul. Or, if you have stagnation of the soul, go down to the sea and stand on the shore when the vast tides come rumbling in and shake out their great white manes of surf upon the sand, and listen to the laughter of happy waves as they break upon the shore. Then will stagnation cease and your soul flow out on the bounding billows, out on the great ocean, no longer contracted in your narrow limits, but a part and parcel of infinity. All the mighty joy of that old sounding sea anthem has drowned that other cry of your own and the world's great anguish. "With a simple foot-bath that will draw down the blood to the extremities, I can often bring

peace to a troubled mind through relief of the brain — congestion brought on by a painful thought," says Dr. Bodwick. "Aye, and through a bright idea or a religious hope that will stimulate some fresh centre of the sufferer's system, I can often do the same," responds Dr. Bartol, who understands clearly enough that thoughts and sympathies are just as effective forces as tubs and blisters of mustard. Wisdom is justified in both her children. Who has not lain tossing on his bed, striving with all his might trying to get rid of some forced idea, that would ever revert, and finding it a Banquo that would not down at any bidding? Why, because it had wrought upon the brain and got it so unduly inflamed that as well ask a thorn in the foot to cease reminding of its painful presence. "Relieve me, and I will relieve you," the congested organ may well cry. "Do this, or I will make a maniac of you." Love, as a sentiment, is also a great healer. It is more than sleep for "hurt minds." Who has not found more healing virtue in the touch of a loving hand or in good news than in the doctor's prescription? The hidden springs of our life are touched by mightier forces than those which wait to bless us in the external world, and out of these mystic regions of the spirit we receive reinforcements for all the functions of the body. It seems a high duty of the press, the pulpit, the teacher, and all who are charged with any part in the guidance of public or private life to bravely take their stand and know what they mean when they proclaim that "they believe in ideas and feelings — that they can heal or kill as effectually as quinine or prussic acid." No dif-

ference do they recognize between a slow or quick mental poison and a slow or quick physical poison, and hold faith and courage to belong by as just a right in the catalogue of tonics as bark and iron. Who does not know any number of people on whom the physicians have exhausted the whole materia medica in vain that we know could be cured were but the batteries in friend and neighbor of cheer and courage, of sympathy and spirituality, only vitally charged enough to start a tear to their dry eyes, a smile to their wan lips, a gush of forgiving love to their shut hearts, a breath of vital out-door interest in humanity to their morbid and suicidal isolation?

Lessons of the Rain.

I do not wonder that the ancient Hindoos and ancient Persians should have made a god of the sun. We all agree to this when we remember the days and weeks we have passed through with only occasional beams of sunlight. Let it appear after days and nights of cloud and rain, and who has not felt his heart expand toward the universe, and, like the people of the Orient, going on the house-top and bowing down to its beams? Watch the tall grass and flowers, as you ride over our vast prairies, nodding and smiling glad greetings to you, with their glittering dew-drops in the morning sun, laden with light and odor, and you gain Eden glimpses

of the pleasure of virtue. Little children make their almanac of the succession of berries and fruit ripening under its beams. The old man feels new life enter his aged limbs with the approach of the summer sun. Sun worship was, then, the most excusable form of idolatry. Even modern science seems half inclined to return to it. We can scarcely listen to a course of lectures on science but we are told that all the life on the earth comes from the sun. No man can make money as it does. It is its influence that is more than man's phosphorus or stimulating manures. It is more skillful than any man, though he be taught in all the schools. The book of Job asks the sublime question: "Hath the rain a father?" How many of us are wondering if God really cares for us and are longing for some startling and striking evidence of His care. The drenching rains, the floods, the cyclones tell us anew that unmixed blessings in the soul's world are usually evils. Sunlight is the emblem of prosperity; darkness and clouds, of adversity and trials. Perhaps, as the angels look upon some men who have never known any form of adversity, they see and say that there is too much sunshine in their souls; they are suffering for want of suffering, they are parching into worldlings, because no clouds or storms roll up into their sky. It sometimes seems as if outward nature was meant to be a type of something higher than itself. No man knows the science of nature who simply catalogues all the facts that are patent to his eye. He must see the ideal relation and harmonies, and according to this insight is the world. He lives in a deep, mystic, awful, and glorious one. We see what

is only as we see into what *appears*. Behold how the Great Artist chooses the awful things to show off His tenderness. What influence in nature more tender and touching than the full moonlight? How soft, soothing, patient, and pitiful it seems, as it beams on maiden and lover, on the wretched outcast, on mansion and hovel. Yet its light flows from the utmost desolation; nothing so blasted, so terrible, as the moon itself. There are pits in it thousands of feet deep. There are mountains of scarred and scorched stone on it almost as high. No air swaths its frightful solitudes. And yet, perhaps, its light is the more soft and tender to us because of its barrenness. Does not this publish the graciousness of the Infinite to our eyes and sentiment? Compassion and love streams to us out of the sky, from the bosom of seeming terror.

Another lesson. Much as we love the vast cultivated plains, the glory in the grass, and the beauty of the flowers, yet they do nothing to robe the globe in splendor in comparison with the rocks and snows of the uncultivated mountains. Thus it came to me as we were riding up the mountain toward the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, and Ute Pass. We halted on a plain; our guide said: "Do you see the Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak in the distance?" "The mount of God," said I, as I beheld Pike's Peak towering above them all. It all seemed so full of glory; so like a shadow or a dream; so fine, so misty, so purple. "Do you see," said our guide, "that formation on the top of the highest rock, two doves kissing each other? Do you see, lower down, that bear, that lion, that woman

and her children?" I thought how the spirit once took the form of a dove, and how significant it was that they should be on the highest pinnacle of the rock, brooding over all the strife and conflict, the bears, and lions of the world below. I turned my face upward toward those emblems of peace, with I could not tell what feelings at my heart, whether of worship lifted or the gracious down-flowing of the spirit. On and on we went, ever on, anon catching glimpses of the great white mount of God, with its mystical purple and gray, filled with extatic joy, beholding this great gift of the Father's glory. Ascending the pathway up the Ute Pass, we found ourselves following the face of a high cliff again, midway to its crest, the swift water tumbling far below us. The air was laden with fragrance, the smell of the mountain rich with strength of herb and mineral. Up in front of us were the Rockies, bending their awful faces between two vapors. There were only a few choice spirits there that day. One lady in a carriage, with uplifted countenance, threw me a white mountain flower, which is sacredly kept. Did she know how much I would prize it, coming as it did with that look of subtle recognition? I think she did. There were also two gentlemen from Europe, whom we had met before. They sat in the carriage with bare heads and brows uplifted, a light in their eyes that was the overflowing of a light that "never was, on sea or land," and the wind that stirred their hair reminded me of the whispers of a wind that bloweth where it listeth, and in which I was sure they heard voices. They bowed with no other recognition than pointing onward

and outward. The air was full of voices that day, and we all understood them. The least part of my enjoyment is that which came to me when I was bodily on those mountain tops. The best has been the after-glow of peaceful recollections —

“That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.”

I am so glad the memory of the peace and perfectness of those heights make me forgetful, while their spell is on me, of all meaner things. Strip the world of those symbols, and it would be a dismal place. All its grandeur and loveliness, which now lift up the soul as with a psalm, when we stand upon the green earth and under the shining heavens, would be gone; fancy, and sensibility, and imagination, which now throw celestial colors on a coarse work-day existence, would be impossible. Also, in the awful scenes of storms, and lightning, and cyclone they seem but the sterner sounds of the great concert wherewith the Infinite speaks to man. Then why huddle together in mortal terror as the clouds gather in the southwest for fear of cyclone, and suffer more from constant terror than from the calamity itself? In ancient times man was afraid of nature, and, with gifts and costly sacrifices, sought to atone for his sins that the gods might not destroy him. Have we no deeper insight than they had? If there are general laws, they are not mere necessities of God's Providence, but excellencies and glories of His nature and privileges of our lot. How do all difficulties touching special and general providence dissolve in the warmth of the Divine

Omnipresence. When we open our eyes we become intoxicated with the spiritual ether in which the universe is bathed, and can see a glad unity of law and love blending all eyes, all spheres, and all souls. Then if floods come, and cyclones destroy, and nature seems so wasteful of human life, as Goethe said, "Perhaps God sees that no mortal accident can harm an immortal soul." The wildest storm will after awhile abate, and as within the past two days the clouds have lifted and we began to say to each other: "See that sky." Infinite deepness and brightness were there revealing vaster spaces than I had ever seen, and a sweeter color, while the clouds drifted away to the south, and the sun and plains touched us at the sun's setting, like John's vision on Patmos. Thus it is in our own lives. If we believe in the Secret Power at all, the time will come when the storms, the difficulties of life, shall at length have taught us that we must accept His rulings for us, however distasteful they seem at first glimpse. When we perceive with terror the shadow and clouds inevitably lowering over our lives, we must feel "this thing shall not happen to us," it is too contrary to all our preconceived ideas of the tenor of our lives. Only when we can look the trouble squarely in the face, realizing all its dreadfulness, and yet accepting it as ours, nevertheless holding fast, somehow, to our trust in the All Father; only then can we rise above it uncrushed, even conquerors; only then will the clouds lift and a light come to us that "is brighter than the noon-day sun." Take it, endure it; some day you will understand. Faith shall soar where knowledge cannot climb.

" I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear with groan and travail cries
The world confess its sin.

" Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good.

" I know not what the future has
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies."

Wealth and Welfare.

We divide the community loosely into two classes, the rich and the poor ; yet the great mass of society is neither the one nor the other. By poverty I do not mean the condition of those who are compelled to work for a living, and who succeed in getting the living for which they work — those who, while missing the luxurious, really have enough to feed the body, enough to feed the mind, the moral nature, and furnish ground for hope. I have little sympathy to waste upon those ; for it is a serious question whether the extremes of wealth are not as unfortunate as the extremes of poverty, only in another way. It is pleasant to have comforts, luxuries, the enjoyment of gratified

tastes, to have good houses, furniture, clothes, books, and pictures. This is what money means: it means to be able to take a journey when we wish, to gratify the taste for art and nature. All these things are pleasant, but if we stop there we do not get the chief good out of money — that is the power of giving your children opportunities; and if you have no children, it means the power of giving to souls who need it, and not bread alone.

The hunger of the intellect, moral realities, the craving for justice and truth, must be heeded. It is a truth which is sometimes overlooked by men who are working for the improvement of humanity. The city missionary has often been reproved for taking tracts to the poor when he should have taken bread, and I, too, have joined in the chorus of reproach. But we are learning that it is just as great a mistake to take bread only to the poor, when we ought to take them also ideas, when we ought to awaken affection and energies of soul and intellect.

That poverty which springs from improvidence and vice can not be cured by ladling out soup from a public kettle, or by multiplying loaves of bread from a public bakery. Take a picture like that which Hood has drawn in his famous "Song of the Shirt." He pictures the garret through which the snow sifts in winter; the few coals and stray sticks out of which an attempt is made to make a fire; the children pinched and worn, and old before their time. Of such pictures the literature of the world is full, appealing to the heart, and any one who is human rushes eagerly to the assist-

ance of any case like this with which he may become acquainted.

But there is an evil greater and more pitiable to my mind than this, and that is the mental stunting that goes along with poverty. The great mass of the poor are intellectually stunted. They can pass a book-store and are not able to buy. Though you should flood their rooms with the literature of the times there is no intellectual development. There has been no opportunity for intellectual culture and training, for a kindling of a taste for those things. Such people are like those who have floods of sunshine about them and yet are not able to see, or who have floods of music about them yet are not able to hear. We who care for and who appreciate such things can understand their loss. I take it we would be willing to suffer many a physical pain, many a nervous thrill and pang of agony, before we would endure the want of these higher things in which we find so large a part of the enjoyment of our lives. But it is not simply this. This stunting of the intellectual power of the poor is that which, more than anything else, condemns them to perpetual poverty. The intellect is the light, the truth, the guidance by which people find their way, by which they discover the methods of conducting business, of overcoming difficulties that free them in life. And if these be quenched, then what? They would be like one in a wilderness who can not find the way. But there is an evil connected with this condition of poverty more serious even than this, and that is the moral evil. Most of the criminals of the world, in an ordinary sense of the word,

are, I suppose, poor people. Not that it is necessarily a crime to be poor, but it is out of these conditions that is developed the criminal impulses, for most, if you trace it, springs out of hopelessness which comes to people who find they are not able to compete with their fellows in the ordinary avocations of life. Think of the tempting, the alluring pictures of comfort and ease that come to those in abject want — temptation to purchase some of the ease and comfort which are the general possession ! Thus “ the destruction of the poor is their poverty.” It has been, alas ! I think, too popularly the idea with the churches to look upon poverty as a permanent thing ; to take too literally the words of Jesus : “ The poor ye have always with you.” It was even argued by one of the leading ecclesiastics of Chicago that it was not best that poverty should be abolished. It was looked upon as a training-school for the people that are poor. Ordinarily too much can not be said against poverty. There is no good in this world except through the accumulation of something that lifts the level of civilization out of the slough of poverty. Poverty means not only a starvation of all that is animal, but of all that is manly, and all that is angelic. It is one of the great curses of the world that civilization is instinctively fighting against. I have heard people say that they decidedly object to efforts to educate the masses. “ Somebody,” they say, “ has got to do the world’s rough work ; ” and they seem to look on themselves as made of a better sort of clay than the ordinary average of the world, and to look down on the struggling and toiling millions of people nat-

urally born into this condition, and whose business it is to serve the interests of those above them. This is the way the southern planter was wont to look upon his slaves. It is the way thousands of capitalists look upon laborers. This is the way so many mistresses of households look upon their hired help. But is it the true way? No; society is never safe so long as its foundations are uneasy. If the foundation of your house should suddenly become conscious and wake up to the fact that it was carrying a very heavy burden; if it felt tired and restless, and wished to turn over and readjust itself, or to get somebody else to bear a part of its load, you would not sleep very comfortably at night. Society is never safe unless the foundations are contented. And the foundations of society in the modern world most certainly are not in that condition.

We must learn to feel that the happiness of others is as important as our own. Had this feeling existed long ago, do you think it would have been possible for slavery to have continued for one year? It was only the lack of this feeling that made the superior race look down on the inferior, and to treat the men belonging to it as property, taking all their rights, and abusing them until every nerve quivered with pain. It is hard for us — and this is the very root of selfishness — that a thrill of pleasure in some other person's nerves is just as important to the welfare of this universe as is the thrill of our own. We grasp all we can for ourselves of money, fame, and position, conscious all the time that we are taking it away from some one else, without any sympathy with the disappointment, the

sorrow of the one from whom it has been taken. This is essentially brutal, barbaric, and not humane. Paul says: "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." This is just as true of humanity as it is of the individual. Every one of the evils of the world under which we are suffering springs out of the fact that we are linked together perforce, whether we will or not. And whether it is the foot, some tribe in South Africa, or the hand in England, or the eye in Germany, or whatever agency it may be that is discovered disorganized, and therefore in pain, we must suffer with it. Who can inspire the people with that better spirit which should pervade all classes of the population? Only those to whom humanity is a religion. Whoever knows a fact or sees a principle bearing on these matters, let him speak! It seems to be the great need of the hour. It is time that employer and employed should approach each other with respect, for candid consultation and mutual service. All the members of society must learn that they are keepers and trustees of each other's welfare; that property, muscle, brains, culture, influence, and opportunity are not our own; that to manage our private affairs with no regard to the effect on others is a breach of trust, a continuous immorality, and a personal degradation. It must become an American fashion to consider others. And this fashion must sooner or later take the form of voluntarily limiting private profits and accumulations. Until then our civilization is barbarous, and our Christianity a failure.

When we learn that in spite of all distinctions and

differences there is but one common human nature, common interest, and common destiny ; when we learn this completely and are inspired by its spirit, try to understand each other and sympathetically solve our troubles, we shall have reached that climax toward which the world is steadily tending, and toward which every force of civilization is driving us. We can retard it or we can help it on, but we cannot prevent its final coming. And the time will come when there will be for all intelligent peoples one religion, one cosmopolitan language, one sense of common humanity ; " the parliament of man, the federation of worlds."

The Old Year.

Some of us who have a constant fondness for old friends, not to be at once transformed with new affections, can but object to the summary discrowning of the king. We object to hearing the story of his reign put by as one which shall only serve to point a moral for the new year, the common metaphor which represents him tottering out, his garlands withered. " A weak, despised Lear " has not the heart and wholesome spirit best fitted to contribute to the glad beginning of another cycle of months. Repenting, let us not be discouraged at the retrospect, but with the audacity of hope declare, " We will not be cast down by past mis-

room and circulate among the people. Without intending to be an alarmist, we must surely look upon all this with serious solicitude. If the conclusions of these scientists are carried out, we shall sooner or later close our churches, cease to pray, and live hard, cold, dreary lives. But is there not another alternative? After all, what is all this but a transient phase of opinion destined to give place to a grander truth?

There can be nothing permanent where the great first cause is hidden so completely behind the second causes, that are interposed in such numbers. "The multitude of reasons which can be alleged for every fact; for every process in nature, and every circumstance in life; for the acts of men and the measures of state, and the movements of races; for physical tides, or for the caprice of folly; for crimes as much as for earthquakes; for social changes as much as for the returning seasons, or for the signs in the sky, the second immediate causes which can be found for all these things seem to thrust God so far back that his agency is no more felt than a shower among the hills is felt in the city or on the plain."

In the forest ten thousand leaves above our heads may hide the heavens with their canopy as effectually as any black curtain of the night. Ten thousand reasons for things good as these reasons may be, and all the more that they are good, shall hide from our narrow view the work of Omnipotence. Anatomy, botany, chemistry, metaphysics, and logic, the science of matter and of mind, of society and of spirit, excellent as they may be, can be so massed and marshalled

that standing together they shall stand in the stead of God. "What need of God?" asks the German cynic, "when you have the law of gravity?"

Are not all things ruled by laws? Can we not show cause and consequence in all the phenomena of physical nature and of human life? Why ask more than that plant and insect, and beast, and man, and nation, and ages shall keep their intrinsic and inevitable instinct and justice. Even if a Supreme Ruler sit behind these laws, why should he be more than a lay figure? Why should he come down from that calm dignity, that grand repose of one who has finished his work, and set in order, to assist the lower causes, to plough fields, to wait in senates, or even to save souls? Let us be content with what we can see, and not assume a needless Providence. Thus science pushes away the great Comforter in the multiplication of second causes. But second causes can never be the substitute for that first cause, to find which is the impulse and the struggle of all thought and all inquiry. Laws become one and harmonious only as God is within them. Gravity and the force of the axe do not fell the tree without the woodman zeal and stroke. The engine in the basement, the card, the spindles, the flying shuttles with all their fine complication of band and wheel, of motion direct, reversed, eccentric, here and there, up and down, every part in its place, and nothing wanting—all there working separately and together, nothing without the will of the master; his hand at the fires, his step in the halls, his watch at the wheels, his omnipresent and pervading influence

makes all this efficient. These second causes in the life of the world and men may be adjusted never so wisely, but they fall short of their proper issue if the Omnipotent thought and will of infinite cause and rule be not with them and in them.

In history we find that wherever the great spiritual forces of Christianity are recognized as superior to all other law and forces, there the true progress of man has been realized. In contrasting these spiritual forces with naturalism history shows very conclusively that the best interests of man have always been advanced according to the practical application of the precepts of Christ.

Christianity proclaims humanity the bond of brotherhood.

It boldly plants itself against the race-force of nature on the grand doctrine of the higher unity, broad as humanity in common spiritual ideas, interests, and ends, common subjection to the same supreme law, common participation in redemption through Christ, and a common interest in the reign of righteousness on earth. The sameness of humanity is mightier to unite than the difference of race to separate. This the life of Jesus shows. No one thinks of him as one of another country or age, but only as a man. Men of all ages and countries equally understand him. He is the exponent of our common humanity. The highest ideal of individuals as taught by Christ was to live for noble ends and for the service of others. It is based on the great doctrine of human brotherhood. Professor Huxley, in a lecture on the physical basis of

life, gives Goethe's "Venetian Epigrams" as a "condensed survey of all the powers of man."

"Why so bustle the people and cry? To get food, to beget children, and nourish them as well as they can. Further attaineth no man, put himself however he will." Read this in connection with the Good Samaritan, and we see at once the moral superiority of the Christian idea of life.

Mr. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, places special stress on the fact that Christianity recognizes the fact of sin. This again naturalism denies. But while the former recognizes sin, it also aims to redeem men from it through the force of higher spiritual influences. It has done this. It will still do it. Sublimar moral triumphs yet await it in the future. But we must not confound the essential principles of the religion of Christ and what is called the Christian church. The latter is simply the expression of the common apprehension of Christianity. The church has often opposed progress. But just as far as the church or clergy set their faces against real reform they are anti-Christ. Jesus taught the doctrine of universal brotherhood. This is the real basis of all true progress. Then welcome the efforts of all sincere thinking minds towards a reconciliation which will bring skepticism into the bosom of faith. Christianity is a positive and definite religion. It rests on great eternal sentiments, such as love of God and love of man. These do not change. The world has not given up to them. They are very partially recognized in the personal lives of disciples. Let us plant our-

selves on these, and make them the great motive forces of human progress. As we look back upon the past eighteen centuries how often men have risen with the belief that Christianity would die out, but yet it still outlives them. So we believe it still will be. There are some spiritual certainties, and these have their rights to be considered in the correlations of law which govern the life of man. Let us remember the statement of a Hebrew king made on some of these certainties three thousand years ago, which command admiration and respect to this hour. The statement made by Socrates, twenty-three hundred years ago, may be made with confidence to-day. The statement of these moral laws made by Jesus Christ eighteen hundred years ago are the statements on which all modern civilization rests, from which all modern science, literature, and education have sprung. When I remember this, and remember at the same time there is not left standing one postulate of the physical science of the time of David, Socrates, or Christ, I am led to wonder what these men mean who tell us that while the natural and physical sciences are indispensable branches of education, moral philosophy is so full of disputed matter and open questions that to the great title of established science it has no claim. The denials of Christianity are transient. They come and soon pass away. But the religion taught by Jesus Christ still has immortal youth. It will outlive all skepticism.

Thoughts About Women.

If women in their enthusiasm for self-emancipation put themselves in seeming antagonism to men, they may get their rights, but they destroy the fine relation which should exist between them. Man is all ready to serve woman and take up her interests as much as in the knight errantry times of old ; but woman must use a wise policy in her dealings with him in order that his service may be glad and spontaneous. By their daily life they must convince him they can do a great many things which he cannot do ; by their power to govern a household, which is often sublime ; by their wisdom with children, and their domestic graces. In these and many other ways they show their dominion over realms which man cannot enter only as a subject. Men behold women at their post of duty, and in their calm hours they bow before them. Women should also recognize the fact that there are many things that men do which the majority of women cannot do, or ought not to do. Coarse, out-of-door employments seem not to be for them, nor exposure on land or sea, commanding vessels, loading merchandise, or any such work. Women are moulded on a different plan from men, and any prolonged physical labor which has a tendency to brutalize those finer nervous powers in her will also threaten to destroy the distinctive qualities of her soul, which respond to the higher wants of man. Women can surely afford to yield the supremacy here.

Manual labor is rapidly giving way to head work. If she cannot do the hard work she can at least have the chance, if she has the ability, to invent labor-saving machines. By claiming a sphere which does not become them, or seem naturally their own, women put sensible men ill at ease with them ; they destroy the harmony which, say what we will about inequalities or rights, does exist in the relation of men and women ; they make turbid the stream which has flowed steadily through all the discord of the past, and cleared itself a little in every new generation. If they persevere in this course shallow men will laugh, coarse men will jeer, true men in the community will feel out of sorts, uncomfortable, they know not why, for they are woman's well-wishers, always looking toward the light for her.

Let woman come to man with fine candor and say : "We cannot do without you ; help us to be what we ought to be ;" and leave it for men to say whether they can do without them or not. Again, they should convince men they can do many things as well as they, which they have supposed they could not do, and that not by loudly declaring that they can, but by simply doing the things well. They say : "Give us political equality, and then see what we can do." Well and good ; let her have it. But it is a question whether that one progression is going to make such an immediate change in her position. If a woman can paint a good picture, or write a good poem, what is there to prevent her ? If she should become learned in the sciences, skilled in the professions, who is there to op-

pose her? What man will say she has not done well if she has? It is true her privileges have been few compared with man's, but great souls work their way along in spite of obstacles.

The wages of woman have been one serious drawback in her career; but even that matter will right itself when her standard of excellence is raised. This habit of expecting nothing great of herself is the root of the evil. Now, we do not mean to say it is not enough for a woman to be a wife, mother, and housekeeper. It is enough; more than she can be without God's help. It is enough for her to be a woman alone, a single woman, with a woman's possibilities in her nature, without any special taste for books, science, or art, doing the plain duties of home. Domestic cares, what are they? Do women consider them mean? They touch the most delicate spring of our being; they widen in our highest vision, and affect the destinies of nations. But, if a woman is incessantly toiling in her home, sewing on her children's clothes, or struggling with the temper of her family and servants, she has no play to her nature; there is a constant creaking of the wheels, she loses the power of doing those very things well. Let her spring out of this condition as from malaria. Let her read, paint, work in the garden, do works of benevolence, visit the strangers who are starving for want of social sympathy. How much one woman can do in this last-named way experience alone can tell.

The married woman must give first her energies to her home. The quantity of her outside work must

therefore be smaller than the single woman's, yet it ought to be quite as good, if not better, on account of the expansion of her whole nature, with the wide experience of human emotion which falls to the lot of wife and mother. The unmarried woman's opportunity for excelling in any particular art or profession is very great. In law, politics, and reform, if we have not become convinced that it is wise for women to enter the public arena of debate, we must concede there are side branches, not inferior, which women ought to fill with ability. In organizations for the discussion of great social questions their presence would be valuable; their conversation on weighty themes bids fair to be equal to that of men. We are not to suppose that women in general are going to be foolish enough to wish to do exceptional things because some do them. Many would undoubtedly run into new walks of life at first, from the love of notoriety; all good is attended with evil. But even there women would in time fall back into the place they belong, and be wiser for their failure. In speaking of their uncommon pursuits, we are not arguing the necessity of these for women in general. Most women are wives and mothers; and whatever married women do outside of their sphere should, in our opinion, be done in conjunction with their duties at home, and shed lustre upon them. Married women need not go far from their own firesides for intellectual stimulus. They can find it all around, if they are willing to look. There are cases where a married woman is cut off from her home ties sometimes by the hand of death, often by the growing to maturity

of her children, who pass into other homes. We are thinking of one now who, with calm and tranquil mind, large affections, and domestic habits, passes from one household to another, a blessing wherever she goes. Or she may remain in the old homestead, dispensing hospitalities to neighbors and receiving her children. But, supposing she is restless, energetic, and independent, what an advantage to her to enter into some active pursuit which will keep her faculties alive and save her from the nervous discontent which attends so often on old age ! How many women lack the motive power, and not the opportunities, to impel them to noble deeds ; the lack of that spirit of self-sacrifice which should lead them to overcome their love of ease, the requirements of fashion, the fear of public opinion, and make for themselves a career. If this power is wanting, will a change of laws help women much ? It will remove glaring injustice in the management of property. It will create a spasm of energy, which will amount to very little unless there goes along with it a moral magnetism which shall arouse individual women to a consciousness of their great opportunities. How often we hear the remark : " Women when associated together cannot converse upon anything but servants and dress." It is a mistake to suppose that light subjects of conversation, any more than light themes in literature, should be treated superficially. How nobly a woman in the graceful play of her nature can say words which shall touch the aspiration of aimless persons, or arouse great persons to a broader field of vision. Let the married women still talk about their servants, but not merely

to compare notes and find fault ; let them learn wisdom from each other. There is one quiet-faced woman who sits among them at their circles and listens, but does not say much. They know her servants always stay long with her. She has a serene household. Let them ask her what she does to make the wheels run so well. She will tell them, with blushes, perhaps, for she is unused to talk much, a good many secrets ; the little sacrifices of her own plans ; the daily sympathy with those who serve ; the power to put herself in other's places, to see as they see, for the moment ; the cautious tongue and great faith in human nature. These and many other high truths sensibly discussed will set them to thinking ; they will go home gratified with their evening's entertainment, and wiser women.

If the gentle, refining, and elevating influence of wife, sister, and daughter were destroyed, no one can imagine the result.

Whenever they lose their feminine sweetness they lose their influence, for —

“ Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse ; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain ; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.”

They are unlike, but equal. The authority is in him, but all the influence which her personal qualities can exert is hers. Then let our women who feel the wealthy import and the grave responsibility of existence and the tenderest sympathy with the common humanity go their own way in this new world, unfet-

tered by tradition, unelated by success, and do their work with such singleness of purpose and such earnestness of conviction that they shall ere long be found side by side with men in the pursuit of the highest truths, thus preparing the way for themselves and others for the inlet of the divine harmonies.

The Great Miracle Play of Creation.

Again the great miracle play of creation has begun. The birds begin to sing. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the rising of the broad, green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The air is filled with the odor of fresh earth, mingled with the smoke from burning rubbish. The sap leaps forth through the veins of the trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a joy in being and moving. This morning I awoke at early dawn and listened to the song of the birds near my window. I arose and walked out. The air was clear and fresh as a new-made soul. Bars of mottled clouds were bent across the eastern portion of the sky, which lay like a great

ethereal ocean, ready for the launch of the ship of glory that was now gliding towards its edge. The robin sang of something greater than he could tell; the clouds that formed the upper sea were already turning from saffron into gold. A moment more and the first insupportable sting of light would shoot up from the edge of the plain. I watched, and it came, fresh and exuberant, as it first from the holy will of the father of lights gushed on the plains and mountains of the world, and the world was more glad than words can tell. The supernal light alone dawning upon the human heart can exceed the marvel of such a sunrise. As I gazed with rapture upon the great miracle these thoughts came to me: "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory." And the great sorrow of the world that so oppressed me the night before forever passed away. Such comforts would come to us often from nature if we really believed our God was the God of nature; that when he made, or rather when he makes, that not his hands only, but his heart, is in the making of those things; that, therefore, the influence of nature on human hearts is because he intended it. And if we believe that our God is everywhere, why should we not think him present even in the coincidence that sometimes seems so strange? For if he be in the things that coincide, he must be in the coincidence. But we cannot make a dictionary of these things. As the Quakers say, the spirit takes them and uses them as it will. They are broad and elastic, and many sided; they do this to the soul to-day, and that to-morrow as it needs;

and every showing is true. And the soul must grow up into them, as a child into a language into which it was born, which is such a different living thing from the same language taught by rule and letter of method and construction. That was the way they heard, of old, by the spirit, each in his own tongue, in which he was born — no other.

Harping and Brooding.

We fall into complaining and melancholy because we do not widen our vision to take in the larger purpose of things. The morning fog that brings such chill to us not merely obscures the sun ; we allow it to be a cloud upon our spirits, for our whole mind becomes absorb in the little discomfort it brings us. It aggravates our asthma or neuralgia, and that is as far as we think of it. Bad, very bad, this fog. Why cannot the sun shine? As though the sun were not shining, and the fog the beneficent effect thereof. A snow storm comes, making us a prisoner ; we wish we could go where the snow never flies. Whatever root of bitterness our breast encloses, whether it be a burning sense of wrong or the sacred grief with which the stranger meddleth not, let us try to get God's perspective on it ; to view it detached from personality, as we view a distant mountain chain or the calm move-

ment of the stars, and that large thought will come with awe and wonder and love, which quiets the iteration and reiteration of one teasing thought.

We grow morbid by harping on one string until the casing is all worn off, and it grows sharp and twangy, and people try to stop their ears and get away from the disagreeable sound. We feel that the world is very unsympathetic and hard and cold when our harpings have this effect, and especially when we try to lay the blame of our misfortune on other shoulders than our own. But the fact is our views and judgment are distracted and awry, because we will brood on things that cannot be helped, and live over scenes that ought to be forgotten.

We allow the sorrow that is inevitable to clog our feet and bind our limbs like a net because we do not make a strong, vigorous effort to break away from the bondage. We are tripped up and hampered at every step, until at last we free ourselves or sink into the luxury of woe, where we live by draining the sympathies of others, and acquire a dangerous taste for pity, which, in a mild form, is like the opium habit. Such morbid broodings are the blue mould of the brain, the creeping fungus that spoils many lives and darkens many others by the gloom it casts.

It seems cruel sometimes, but it is not cruel, this indifference, even shrinking, the world feels toward those mental harpers and brooders. They often need a check to show them the danger in which they stand, rather than tears and petting to confirm them in morbid habits. But love should administer it only as the

surgeon has the right to use the scalpel. Let the scalpel be the sting of the bee laden with honey, and not the barren wasp. Spare your associate, him or her, that leans upon your bosom, the tender place. Dark threads are woven into the warp of every life; and it would be strange indeed if for any one a year drew to a close without leaving some painful memories. If we believe in God at all the time will come when the discipline of life shall at length have taught us that we must accept His rulings for us, however distasteful, humiliating, unbearable they seem at the first glimpse. We must not feel "this thing shall not happen to us; it is too contrary to all preconceived ideas of the tenor of our lives." How slow we are to say with Job: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Holding fast somehow to our trust in Him, only then can we rise above it uncrushed, even conquerors. Our Father has sent just this to you. Take it; endure it. Some day you will understand.

If we could realize more the pleasant things life has brought it would be better. As a rule, it is to be feared we accept them largely as a matter of course. Only when the friend is dead and there will be silence hereafter in the place of warm, friendly letters, do we know what those letters were to us. I do not know whether Emerson, in a way he had, thought heaven was the right sort of talks with the right sort of people; but it is a good definition, whether Emersonian or original. But to commune with the saints, luckily we do not have to go to some religious conference.

Luckily they are scattered up and down the world, and it has been our blessed privilege to know not a few of them, and we have been at once shamed and uplifted by the very inspiration of the unconscious emanation of their earnest, unselfish lives. Possibly one such abides under our own roof. Fortunate if we do not require the perspective death lends to see truly our friend's worth ; if we are not guilty of discovering too late we have entertained angels unawares. We do not appreciate the deep love of husband and wife that is half consciously, perhaps, our refuge and dependence, nor all the grand, good men and women in the world, one of whom only a few weeks ago seemed to divine, by fine spiritual intuition, how I was filling the universe with my own distorted vision, caused from physical suffering, and sent me from her own inspired pen words that were like great draughts of hope, and trust, and love. It was the best medicine. It gave me the delightful consciousness that if my little scaffolding, reared with such toil and care and pain by wakeful nights and laborious days, should give way the earth would catch me, and underneath the earth is the Almighty hand. We need the doctrine of hopefulness and cheerfulness preached more than it is from our pulpits, a doctrine based on the duty of glad and loving obedience to the will of the Infinite Being, manifested through life in all its varying conditions and events. There are some lives before whose shadow we stand mute and awe-struck at the heavy burden imposed on weak human hearts. Well might the pulpit say unto them : " It is only the bravest and best soldiers, spirits of

mettle, the commander selects to lead the forlorn hope." In your very despair and utter hopelessness is there not a possibility of a certain enthusiasm of self-devotion, self-sacrifice, as you realize that God has chosen you to lead a forlorn hope? Will you not be his good soldier, standing unflinching in the breach though shot and shell fly thick and fast on every side, until for you the battle ends? The world, though seemingly indifferent, has the heartiest appreciation of the courageous spirit that will not say die—that, when its props are taken away, its dwelling place destroyed, its goodly heritage laid waste, can build again, throwing its forces into new forms, better than the old, can make itself a morrow brighter than its yesterday, for creativeness is in the soul, and power of renewal. And the Infinite One, lest we should lose the force of self-direction and self-activity, allows the pleasant places of our lives to be trampled under foot of beasts, and practically says: "Build anew, exercise the strength that is within you, trust, and love, and labor, and fire cannot burn you, nor can water drown, nor shall death triumph over you, for you are creative and a co-worker with me."

The Two World Theories.

It is natural to wish to know something of the next life. We are at times so near the other world ! We seem almost to touch it with our hands, see it with our eyes, and hear its sacred harmonies. We are near to it, not merely in space and time, but in spirit. The great mass of the human family is there already. But a still deeper cord binds us to the invisible realm. It is the tie of friendship and kinship and love. I had a child once, a sister, a father, a brother. We spoke and thought together. Where have their spirits gone ? The form is fled, and for me the spirits live only in my memory. Where is that child now ? I know that his body has been taken up into new forms of life. It now grows in the grass and blossoms in the flowers. But where is that other self ; that which gave meaning and life and thought to this body ? These obstinate questions will crowd upon us. Man stands alone in the consciousness of mortality. The bird lives, so far as its consciousness is concerned, an eternal life. It knows no limit. So do all the lower forms of animal creation ; they shrink from death, but do not know what it is.

Man alone is led to see the barrier which is fixed before this earthly life because he alone sees over and beyond it. Unless with the revelation of death came the revelation of life, the whole would end in mockery. But the two have come together. When the first

whisper came that promised a new and higher life we do not know, but the whole world has it.

The Egyptians, long before Moses, believed in a future life, into which men were admitted after a judgment by Osiris. Pythagoras and many ancient religions taught transmigration; the Greeks held to the Elysian fields and Tartarus. The Chinese, ancient Persians, Scandinavians, and North American Indians all had an instinctive belief in immortality; for it has all the attributes of an instinct. It is universal—appearing in all races and in all times. It is involuntary—coming of itself before any instruction. Hardly a tribe so low that it has not heard in some distorted shape or other this whisper of hope. Geology, exposing among the fossil memorials of ages past the relics of funeral feasts and indications of offerings to the spirit of the dead, traces back the belief in a future state to times long anterior to history and tradition. Behold the hope of all ages!

“But,” says the materialist, “what proof of immortality? that is no demonstration.” I fall back on hope, only a hope, that is all. But what is that? By whom is that candle lit that sends its rays so far? Who put it in my head that I am going to outlive my body, outshine the stars with my eyes, and be when the heavens are no more? No mortal did it; I did it not myself. And what hand dropped in the human bosom the seed of this blossom of faith? There is one kind of knowledge which the Creator has appointed shall be acquired by the busy intellect, and which, when so acquired, is held in invaluable possession.

There is another kind of knowledge which he gives to faithful and obedient hearts, and which even the truest of them hold on the precariousness of sustained faith and unrelaxing obedience. The future world belongs assuredly to this latter class of knowledge. The key which must open the door of hope beyond the grave will never be found by fumbling among the heterogeneous stores of the logical understanding. Like the one in which the pilgrim unlocked the dungeon of Giant Despair's castle, it is hidden in our own hearts — given to us long ago by the Lord of the Way. Unto those who are not prepared to concede that spiritual things are "spiritually discerned," and moral things morally, and that the human moral sense and religious sentiment are no more than untrustworthy delusions; to those who doubt all this, who believe in food, and horses, and railways, and stocks, and gravitation, but not in self-sacrificing love, or justice, or God, I can say nothing. The argument has been shown to have no standpoint on any grounds they will admit. The materialistic theory of the world stands hopeless and voiceless in the presence of our problem of pain and evil. It is as hard to understand as mind. And then it fails to account for mind. It cannot offer any satisfactory reason for pain or heartache. It is dumb in the presence of our ideas of beauty and good. It does not explain why we should dream of better things. It does not tell us why we should be forever the fools of hope — if we are fools — and be always dreaming of another life where our withered buds shall have a chance to bloom. It seems to me to have no

adequate help in it, nor to be able to give any adequate reason for its existence.

Let us then turn to the opposite theory, and see if, in its light, our problems look any more hopeful. This theory means, of course, that outside of humanity, and preceding the present condition of the universe, there existed not only power, but also thought and purpose. In other words, it means belief in God. It puts what we mean by spirit and life first, and makes the material only the out-growth, the expression of these. I do not by any means think that the spiritualistic theory of the world gets rid of all difficulties. In the face of many of the difficulties of life it is very hard for us to believe that the world is governed by a being who thinks and loves, who is wise and good. We can find no end of fault with it; for most certainly it is not governed as we would govern it if we had the power. Storms, pestilence, sickness, pain, loss, heart-ache, vice, crime, these are certainly strong indictments to bring against either wisdom or goodness. And yet in spite of all these I do think that in a spiritualistic universe we may, and not irrationally or by shutting our eyes, keep our faith in the supremacy of wisdom and goodness. Let us suppose, then, that this universe is only a seed-plot for the planting and a field for the development of souls. Then, instead of regarding it as a pleasure-house, it may be compared to a gymnasium. The physical difficulties of a gymnasium develop muscle and train to self-mastery. So the physical difficulties of the world train and develop body and mind. In the midst of pain and sorrow all

The Happy Christmas Time.

" Ring out false pride, in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite —
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

Christmas is here — the birthday of hope, the day that speaks of the common brotherhood and the common fatherhood. To our side, on the green or barren path of life, comes one all-glorious, majestic in goodness, tender in love ! We walk in His smile though it be unseen ; His promise grows each hour towards the perfect fulfillment. Is it not well for us to rejoice ; to let gladness overflow in songs, and shouts, and laughter ? Because this is the promised day of the year, and so often as it comes the heavens seem to open again and the angels are heard singing their praises and prophecies in the skies. To many minds there seems mingled with the records of the birth of Jesus such a mass of incredible interpretations that it has none of the aspect of a real event. The whole history is pushed aside with much the same feeling as is the fable of the birth of Minerva from the cleft brain of Jupiter ; but it seems to me without this peculiar history by Luke, all the poetry, all the music in the life of Jesus would be taken out of the way. Nothing more ethereal, nothing purer, nothing more beautiful can be conceived of than the whole angelic appearance and annunciation.

The shepherds heard what was going on alone. It was going on for higher spectators, for souls rejoicing

blessed ; it, as it were, it broke forth and strains forth upon the earth, not like an aurorus, but here and there music is heard every night, far off, snatches being wafted to us and being washed again by intervening noises — so there seems to have been snatches of the music — the annunciation." How beautiful, Christmas comes as the year closes, and that year begins with gracious revivings of faith, joy. It publishes the glad tidings for all that fills the world with cheer. It bids us never forget ourselves of the world. In the usual un- that pervades society a better day and state is prophesied — a tenderness not unlike the love of God's angels over us. We remember wrongs received and only to forgive or ask to be forgiven the misapprehensions and bitterness to which we are all drawn out. We yield our hand willingly to universal brotherhood, and our thoughts fly out in love to the poor, the weak, the sinful, and the lowly, and we pray, God pity them all. The lights, the glimmering Christmas trees, the solemnity of the infinite ministrations, the general and joy, are so many echoes of the angelic strain, of prediction and promise. If the remembrance can work such an annual and blessed miracle, if the power of His in-dwelling spirit finally triumphs? Now that all foot-sore and weary pilgrims on the ways of life seem dark and cheerless rest and look up and listen — for, in the still night of the holy time, sweet and clear above all the

groanings of creation sounds the angelic psalm of the future, telling of progress and peace. Now, all ye unto whom deep sorrows have not come, whose circle of loved ones have not been broken by death or separation, listen, and with the ear of faith you, too, can hear the angelic voices singing in the empyrean their old and glorious hymns.

O, light that shone around the shepherds, shine down through all the world till the glory of the Lord shall fill the earth ! O, star of Bethlehem, guide faithful souls not from the east only, but from every quarter and clime to the Savior ! O, holy angels, sing, and ever tell your glad tidings of salvation till all men shall find and confess the Christ, and the whole world shall take up and resound your song with —

“ Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace — good will to men.”

The Ever-Renewing Power.

“ That is the oldest of the old,
Yet newest of the new ;
In every age the light of time,
In every age the true.”

Many think that religion is declining. Some because there is such an abandonment of churches and ecclesiastical usages. Some because there is so much heresy and dissent. All of which may be good rather than

bad signs. No superficial or external view will interpret the signs of the times aright. I perceive amidst disagreements, and controversies, and skepticisms the elements of a sound and final truth. Christianity is a thing of growth, and not a thing of immediate and absolute creation. When flowers come up they have sepals as well as petals. The sepal is a tough, green cover that God puts around the tender inside ones; and there are priests of the garden that, when they see a flower come up with its green cover, say: "Here is the wisdom of God displayed." But as the spring advances, and the warmth and the rain do their part, the sepals begin to open, and men are anxious to keep them, and do not know what to do. And as they begin to take on their revolute form and to go down they look with fear and solicitude at the flower, and say: "Oh, there is a terrible decay in this bush! Here were there exquisite buds wrapped up in beautiful coverings, and now the coverings are loosening and dropping off!" But why should anybody mourn when these sepals fall off? They have done what they were made for. They have protected the flower in its immature state, and now that they have performed the office for which they were designed nature casts them aside, as you throw away a piece of brown paper which comes around a bundle when you have got the bundle home and taken out the contents. When they have carried the bud through the winter and got it on its spring feet they turn over and wither and die.

And many there are in the church who go around and pick up old leaves of ecclesiastical ordinances and

say that religion is declining because men abandon these things. There are many who are trying to re-galvanize the forms and ceremonies of the church, and lamenting that religion is dying out, because these things are losing their hold upon men. Now, such things are only the old wrappers dropping off. In barbarous times, and in inchoate experience, they were very good ; but as soon as they had done their work of carrying piety while society was in its rude state, and were not needed any more, the process was natural and gracious by which they dropped off. And all the priests and people in creation can not pick up these old sepals and put them on again. They are no longer needed ; but the flower remains, and how beautiful is that flower ! How beautiful is a tree filled with such flowers ! We all worship them until bye and bye there comes a rain and a gentle wind, and a snow-storm of leaves covers the ground ; the tree has lost its blossoms, its beauty is gone, and hope is gone, and everybody exclaims : " Why, the blossoms have fallen ! " O, dull and slow of heart, did you ever see a flower that held on till the perfection of seed and fruit ? There can not be bud, blossom, and fruit all at the same time. There are successive stages of growth, and there are certain developments that belong to each.

Thus from age to age men have made the best presentation they could of Divine nature and government ; and we are not to treat, as Ingersoll does, the rudest beginnings with contempt. No man ever fell upon his cradle with an axe in his hand to split it into kindling when he had become full grown ; though he did sleep

there, he stills reveres it. It was large enough for him then, and it answers the purpose for an infant now, and we ought not to break it to pieces; neither ought we to try to get into it. The positive institutions of Christianity decline in one form to spring into new life and other and better forms. Doubtless four-fold more money is expended to-day upon temples of worship than what have been falsely called the age of faith — rather the age of acquiescence. Religion does not decline, as a costly interest of humanity, with the progress of doubt, freedom, intelligence, science, and economic development. It is a permanent and eternal want of man, and is always present, either as a vast overshadowing superstition or as a more or less intelligent faith. If thought, if courage of mind, if inquiry and investigation, if experience and learning and comprehensive grasp, if light and sound reason, and acquaintance with human nature tended to abolish a living God from the heart and faith of man, to disprove the essential truths of Christianity, or to make life or the human soul less sacred, aspiring, or religious, the world would be on its rapid road to atheism.

Does any one imagine because there is a law of progress he may safely take his ease and let affairs guide themselves, and that laws are at work which will have no help or hindrance from man? If so, such imaginations may be rudely broken before many years have passed. The Providence which "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," works through men and women, and through their influence on one another. If one does not influence, another will; and he who is

content to let the world wag with no interference from him flings away the finest opportunity God gives to man. Not a thousandth part of the power of Christian truth and righteousness has yet been shown in the world. The love of God, the love of man have only begun their glorious mission. Christ yet waits for his true throne. We have a sacred privilege, a glorious opportunity. We only need to show ourselves warm, earnest, united, attached to worship, fruitful in piety, devoted to good works, zealous for God's glory and man's redemption, sincere, humble, yet rational and free followers of Christ, to win an immense victory for the gospel in this inquiring, doubting age.

Hindered Lives.

The chilly nights of October have come and set their frosty seal upon the flowers and trees. Nature is getting ready for what may happen out of doors; indoors it is all astir. Glasses of amber and wine colored jellies and jars of golden fruit are being prepared for the winter store. The Chautauqua class has been reorganized. The books come forth in the long evenings; the story-telling begins; the fathers and mothers gather the children around their knees by the cheerful blaze. God has made this old earth so fair. There are such sublimities of ocean and mountain;

such wonders of flower and tree and rock and sky ; such broadening of views to be gained by contact with other people ; such accumulations of thought and feeling in the stored up literatures of the world ; such influencing of the divine, ready to come into the heart that will make room for them, sit quiet for awhile and only listen. So I cannot but be glad when people develop a taste for and get opportunity to discover some of these things. So glad there are those I can look up to who have grown to the height of looking over the great world, feeling themselves a part of it, desiring to help on the mighty movement that God is leading up the ages.

There are so many hindered lives in the bonds of cramped conditions that hold them down. Men and women beneath whose toil-worn garments are folded the bound and cramped wings of the "might be" that will never expand in the uncongenial air of their present conditions. It is unspeakably sorrowful for me to note the souls that are struggling in the nets of their own inherited weaknesses as well as the poverty of outward conditions. I recall one whom I have long known ; his native instincts are fine ; his feet are on the highway of the King that leads to all the glory that comes to the loftiest souls. A thirst sweeps over him that becomes his master, and leads him in paths of darkness and shame. Others have inherited a tendency to terrific outbursts of anger. Again there are those under the power of unscrupulous ambition, of bitter pride, of conscienceless lust ; souls so timid that they cannot fly, and they become the easy prey of

the fowler. Again, there are souls which by marriage or some other tie are bound to other souls that drag them down, or hold them back from their true destiny. Sometimes the bondage is only one of dependence, like that of the sister and father of Charles Lamb on his tireless though exhausting care. There is the case of a noted clergyman of the church of England. All his life was wormwood because the wife by his side was vain and jealous, incapable of understanding him, and unwilling that any one else should. On the Pacific coast, near the Cliff house, I sat on a rock and watched the incoming tide. I could but feel the waves were speaking to me of eager and tireless endeavor. How they raised their white hands as if in pleading for some great thing as yet unattained. How they reached on and up as if in endless aspiration. Then as though baffled and falling back in temporary failure, they break into the unutterable pathos of infinite tears; while prostrate on the sands they seem but an echo of the moan of human endeavor. I mused and listened till I felt that I was sitting and watching the seething, striving, failing, but always endeavoring sea of human passion, hearts, souls, hopes, fears. And I cried out: O, sea of human life, whose drops are souls, never yet was any striving all in vain! It is the impulse of the Infinite One that bears you on. Poor, bound souls, hungry and thirsty, take courage. Whether the hindrance be one of external condition, of mental narrowness and ignorance, of inherited moral weakness, of bondage to another life that keeps you down—all these things some day shall end. If you are discour-

aged, striving in vain to grasp a high ideal ; if, like the sobbing waves, some undercurrent sweeps you back at what seemed the moment of achievement, if you long for a companionship to match the aspirations of your soul, look up and listen. Sorrow is the great birth-agony of immortal powers. Sorrow is divine—the crown of all crowns was one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the mystery, but only one that bids us glory in tribulation and count it joy when we fall into affliction, that so we may be associated with the great fellowship of suffering of which the Incarnate One is the head.

“ God draws a cloud o’er each gleaming morn ;
 Would we ask why ?
It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.

“ Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God’s son may lie.
Each soul redeemed from sin and self must know
 Its Calvary.

“ What though we fall and bruised and wounded lie,
 Our lips is dust ;
God’s arm shall lift us up to victory,
 In him we trust.

“ For neither life nor death, nor things below
 Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we shall go
 From His great love.”

The law of Change.

“ Arise, and seek some height to gain,
From life's dark lesson day by day,
Nor just rehearse its peace and pain —
A wearied actor in the play.”

Receiving a letter a few days ago enclosing a notice of the passing away of the last of a much-loved line of ancestors, my thoughts flew back to the simple faith of my childhood, the old-fashioned church ; the tender aroma of fresh flowers held here and there by hands that had gathered them on the way, or just before starting, whose incense floated up with their prayers from calm and happy faces ; and as I gazed out through the open window on the distant hills framing the beautiful woodland, all the beauty with the spiritual magnetism touched me subtilely through every sense until to my childish imagination I felt at times like a soul forever risen. The Friends are now decreasing, who, more than any other denomination, have taught by their example the depth and loving beauty of holy friendship ; have more than any other translated the hidden meaning of spiritual things, and taught that the kingdom of God cometh not by observation. Yet they are not broad enough to take in all human life, and are, therefore, in unstable equilibrium. The dear faces of the long ago are haunting me to-day, reminding me of the many changes time has wrought ; and yet I do not say : “ Give me back my youth,” that wilful, undisciplined

thing. My real youth shines before me—it does not consist in bright cheeks and glowing eyes, but in obedience, humility, and reverence. I have been growing young for twenty years; more glory in the grass and splendor in the flowers every spring. It was the childish things, not the childlike, that Paul put away when he became a man. One of the strange things about life is the general satisfaction which we feel at getting through with any part of it; that people rarely enjoy any given day or year so much that they would love to have it longer. This is not pessimism, only an instinct of hope that the new may be better; and yet the thought of change, if one stops to think of it, is rather depressing. It means that nothing lasts; it means ages of men born into the world and dying into the mystery again. Into the past year what treasures have gone that will not be recovered here! What gifted men, what leaders of thought! We long and hunger for words from their inspiring thoughts. We listen for the once familiar voice on the streets and in the homes of our own city, who have gone to the summer land, some in the glad springtime of sunshine and flowers or in the deep fullness of summer, others as the snow lay deep upon the ground and the icy air was frozen into silence. How many an assembly is of sceptres vanished away; how vacant while occupied is the space. Where they are is beauty, music, loyalty, and love. Do we survive them, or they us and death? The question is answered not in the knowledge of our sense, but in the inspiration of our own song. Change, in this hard, threatening sense, has been the great law

of the world. Hardly had the earth solidified into shape before it is shaken and split with upheaving force, or the sea laid its bed of soft ooze before some gigantic power lifts the work of ages into sunlight, or hardly has the continent been formed when the sea undermines where towns stood, or else makes new shores and islands where, before, ships had sailed. The same sad voice comes to you as you wander over the old world, the first home of man. Everywhere they show you ruins. The surface of little Palestine or the Euphrates valley is dotted with them; where a few thousand peasants eke out a dreary subsistence millions of people, they tell us, once lived in plenty. They dig for treasures and relics of the ancient people in Rome, and they find city beneath city shaken down one after the other by war, by time, or by earthquakes. Thus race after race has wandered over the earth and built its burial mounds and perished; and out of the long past comes to us in our new continent and cities this warning voice of the Master of History: "I will change, I will overturn until there is a stable equilibrium, until the right shall reign." The law which condemns all things to change, more deeply read, means the change of the lower form, or system, or life to the higher. No one doubts that the destruction of race after race of mammoth creatures led the way to higher types of animals, which in a thousand ways are made to minister to man. This is also true in the study of man. One wonders at a first glance of history why ages of barbarians should have been permitted to trample on the high intellectual civilization of Athens

and Rome, but the contempt the educated had for the vulgar, their habits of self-indulgence, their disregard for the rights of subject or nation, their huge system of slavery explains all. The nation which will not absolutely serve justice and mercy no art, no organization can save. This great law of change is everywhere executing itself, working out its inscrutable results. The primeval forest must give way to something better ; the large, mammoth animals must go to the wall ; the same lesson from the less perfect to the more perfect is evident in the birth, growth, and death of religious sects ; again and again the system raised on the basis of priestcraft, exclusive ceremonial, or force, has had to be supplanted by something higher ; so, in our individual lives, the divine law of change does not leave any life long in the ruts without giving it trouble. It follows in the wake of success ; it comes in bereavements and disappointments. "I had been ruined," said Themistocles, "had I not been ruined." Our happiness has its root in our unhappiness, and pain is the parent of joy. What seems harsh dissonance when heard by itself has meaning and music for ear and heart when heard in connection with the whole ; all earthly wail is a necessary stave in that eternal symphony in which all creatures and all worlds unite, and whose complex harmonies have but one theme, which the spirit interprets — God is love. There are sure signs of His presence declaring that there is a purpose in the existence of man, that truly there is —

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

The Morning Will Dawn.

" Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By truth's own hand is driven ;
God never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

" I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness ;
But without hope, through bitter tears,
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

" And, ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

" I thought it only happened so —
But time this truth has taught me ;
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

" It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now, with faith unshaken,
In patience I but bide my time,
When any joy is taken.

" No matter if the crushing blow
May for the moment down me ;
Still back of it waits Love, I know,
With some new gifts to crown me."

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Invisible.

"A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold."

— *Whittier.*

The invisible, the eternal principles and laws of the mind, are more real and eternal than anything which can be seen or felt. It is given to man to see some things without eyes better than he can with them. It is given to him to look forward by the very nature of his faculties, and taking hold of things which are doubly invisible and intangible to bring them before his mind with such reality, influence, and power that they shall seem to be the present, even more than the present itself. All may not have this power alike, but when we have once become acquainted with physical things by using our senses upon them until they have produced an impression of their existence and their nature upon our minds, we then cease to use our senses upon them, and we think of them more clearly than before. By thinking of them afterwards we see them in all their relations. We have the power of taking the things we see, and by a subtle power of the imagination bringing before ourselves things we have never seen, and never will see; thus making things unknown as palpable as things known.

If we think of what we know of different nations

and races, in fact our knowledge on all subjects, we will find that a large majority of the things we know never passed before our senses at all. A great power is given to man, to live in the present by the power derived from looking out of it into the future. We take things which exist about us and project ourselves into the coming times, so that by the things foreseen we live in the future more than we do in the present itself. It is a sad fact that as a people we live too much in the outward, in the material; as a nation of people we are too practical. Some will say it is a real material world, and we need practical workers; the world will not progress or move onward without them. I know it is a working world, and that in labor alone do we find rest, and yet when we work we do not think enough of building up the spiritual through the material. Let the practical man who does not work for the invisible (or at least think so) look upon the railroad, and he will see nothing but the machine that carries the travelers to their destination. This is a truth, but only a visible one. The engineer comes and sees in it another class of truths. It suggests to his mind the idea of broad and narrow gauge, and so on; another truth, that which is appreciable by the understanding.

Then let the man come who lives in the invisible, and with that eye of his "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and his imagination creates another class of truths; the suggestive meaning of it to him is the triumph of mind over matter; the annihilation of time and space. He sees in the railroads stretched throughout the country the approaching

times of peace and human union ; "and so he bursts out into his high, prophetic song of the time" —

" When the war drum throbs no more,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

All this is truth, neither seen nor reasoned, but truth to the imagination ; just as real in its way as others are in theirs.

What a halo of glory it would shed around the poor man's life when at his toil if by suggestive inspiration he could be taught the hidden meaning of common things thus transfiguring life. If he sees nothing but the wretched reality that is around him, if his mind is not enlightened by the invisible truths of things, if he does not learn from his own nature, and from the master thinkers of the past, how in his work, in his humble home, in his affections, there is a deep significance concealed connecting him, where he once has felt it, with the highest truths of the invisible world, his lot is desolate indeed. Let him but reach out from the material to the invisible, then the universe is his storehouse, and its great portals will swing back to the humblest hand that prays for admission there. This idea of living in sight of the invisible, oh, friends, is not a speculative idea brought on by revealed religion alone, as we shall see. The conditions of existence require it. The physical, the intellectual, and the moral precede the spiritual.

Man comes into this world unfledged, and he has to work his way up through the exterior shell of igno-

rance before he can peep or fly. All periods of development are relative to later ones. This is true not only of the body, but of the mind. The child when it comes into the world is a mere animal, and for a time lives merely in the present. If the child at an early period exhibits signs of dawning intelligence and projects itself beyond the present, the parents recognize that fact as a natural consequence of its normal development. This intelligence comes on more and more as the age of the child advances, and it longs to be a big boy, then a man, and we smile at this, but it is the unfolding of that which ends in the spiritual or immortal; although from childhood to manhood much of the animal remains, so that he has to pay a great deal of attention to his physical nature, yet his mind's power is continually feeling towards the future. Not only does man and mind-power point toward the future, but the globe seems to have been prepared for such a work. Day and night and the four seasons necessitate the looking towards the future. Spring is the prophet of summer, summer of autumn, and autumn of winter; thus reason compels us to take care of the present, with a wise forelooking to the future; to shape things seen with reference to things not seen. The same thing is true in reference to the vegetable kingdom. We plant the seed and wait for it to develop. First the seed sprouts, then the stem rises above the ground, then the leaves come forth, then the blossoms unfold themselves, and the fruit appears. As in the plant each stage of development is the prophet of some later stage of development, so in human life each

event is the prophet of some future event. If this life of the invisible is so wise and civilizing in regard to external things and economic faculties, how much more noble and necessary is it for that part of our mind which lives for our moral feelings and for our spiritual existence?

We are living very much in our lower life. Physical good, or secular good, or social good, is what we mostly think of. But there is a day coming, though it is far off yet, when the great ends of individual and society life are to be ends that include primarily the moral and religious element. There is a time coming when the world shall be controlled by men that are pure, that are geniuses in all that is noble and good, and that live to benefit each other and to inspire others to greater spiritual growth. Men doubt whether the world will ever come to that state. Because the world is so low, because they do not reach out more for the spiritual, it is thought to be enthusiasm to predict that a day will come when not only the masses of men, but community after community, and nation after nation, will be made up of men who are higher than the best men we call saints now. How long it will be we can not tell. It will be owing a great deal to how much of the spiritual as individuals we bring into our lives, and how faithful and true we are to ourselves and others. But progress is the great law of God in the world.

The world itself has evidently been built or evolved myriads and myriads of ages ; doubtless it went on preparing itself to sustain vegetable life. It went through other stages to prepare it to sustain animal life. It

went through five great geological periods before reaching the period of man. The world has from the lowest condition steadily moved on under the direction of Him who counts multitudes of ages as but a day, and has steadily risen in its types and forms of development. And since the historic period man has gone on steadily developing and rising, and at no former period has civilization reached so high a point as at the present, or spread itself over so wide a circuit.

We have a right, then, in looking back on the past and finding this analogy, to say: "As it has been from the beginning, so it shall be unto the end." There is a law that furnishes not only presumptive but moral certainty that there is to be this higher development, this sublimer manhood among men. As men rise, however, out of the material into the spiritual they become susceptible to influences, and secure conditions which make further growth easier and full growth more probable; so that the doubt should be as to the beginning, if at all, of this progress of development among men. If that has become a fact, then there is far less improbability of further growth than there was of the first step of growth; for every single step of education prepares a man for further development. It is taking the first step that is difficult both for men and nations. Hence the great necessity of "line upon line, and precept upon precept," to awake men out of their lethargy and their materialism. The kind of gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God's salvation as a faith in human nature, showing men how to be rational in their own

light and govern themselves by their own power, is certainly a desolate one, bereft of the greatest joy and comfort. Oh, if there be one kind of life most sad and deepest in the scale of pity, it is the dry, cold impotence of one who is honestly set to work of his own self-redemption. It is a truth, universal, respecting vital natures of every kind, whether vegetable, animal, intellectual, or spiritual, that they have no rigidly inherent ability to do anything whatever without the help of other influences.

Progressive life has had in the past ages two leadings in diametrical opposition to each other. One, the religious, half despised the living organization and the whole of material nature; the other, the intellectual, headed by science, has despised everything but organization. Great unreason has been exhibited by both. Each has been grounded upon a great truth of humanity, the one upon the physical, the other upon the spiritual; and it is not more certain than that summer and winter, day and night, will continue to follow each other than that these two parties are destined to become one, making common premises, and throwing down the walls between whatever is left to them as conclusions after this coalescence. Spirituality does not go to science for dignity or authority, but for needed service, which the ages they have spent in grouping conflict with each other have made it as necessary for the one to give as the other to receive. Organization, the primitive language of deity in the word of life, will be no more studied as an end, but as a means employed by the Creator for the development

of higher purposes than can be expressed in gross matter ; and when this takes place the methods of scientist and spiritualist will be as one, for science will then no longer despise the future, which spirituality has claimed as alone worthy, and spirituality will no longer despise the present, which science has declared to be the all in all to man.

There are numerous indications that this refreshing day is hastening on. Notwithstanding the materiality of the masses, there has been innumerable impulses and much activity of late years in the study of the physical and super-physical ; and the ideas resulting from this study will secure to humanity self-respect, self-reverence, and intelligent reverence of the God who made it worthy of these sentiments.

Many noble souls have for years had unmistakable yearnings for acquaintance with the hidden possibilities and latent capacities of improvement which both the spiritual and physical now enfold ; and by the earnest work of great souls the richest inheritance has been bequeathed to us. Those to whose lot it falls to point out methods which, if they are true, are God's own plans for the improvement of individuals, communities, or nations, no matter how small the work, we feel grateful that God has permitted them such a foretaste, while yet in the mortal form, of the happiness which must be near akin to his Creator.

The Marvel of Life.

"I gaze in awe at the blazing dome where the throes of time have birth,
And the nightly Passion Play unfolds o'er the unresponsive earth ;
And yet I feel the sentient thrill of life through the vastness whirled,
The onward, sure, resistless force of the ever-circling world.

"The hidden pulse of humanity is palpitant, strong, and deep,
Though night and death, with their semblant charms, the senses
lull in sleep ;
And I mark the space from star to star by the breadth of a finite span,
I measure the grasp of the Infinite by the touch divine in man.

"And know that the spirit's mysteries are solved in each human soul,
And the beauty of perfectness must be its crown at the final goal,
So long as the marvellous heavens above bend over an earthly sod,
And the immanent heart of the universe is one with the soul of
God."

—Emma Huntington Nason.

There is a tumult of marvel and interest that surges about us in great waves, among which we can hardly catch our breath. The tide breaks up around us from all the oceans of the past. Over one of the departments at the Centennial I read : " Egypt, one of the oldest nations of the world, sends her morning greetings to the new." She is now yielding to us memorials of her faith and life, which have been embalmed for ages. The meanings that cluster thick in the signs that every stone is full of, every wall and niche made eloquent with. The mummies of the Rameses have been discovered and brought to the light of day.

How marvelous that the Pharaoh who would not let the children of Israel go, who walked the streets of

Thebes three thousand years ago, when the Memnon was in all its glory, before time had begun the overthrow of those palaces and temples of which the ruins are so tremendous, should have been brought up from his narrow bed to stand undecayed in our presence, bearing testimony to the truthfulness of the Hebrew history. The Egyptian sculptors show us also by their pictures on the walls the way in which the great stones of the pyramids were dragged in that day, before the engines had appeared. Five hundred men are seen tugging at the rope and rollers, but to secure the pull together, which alone could move the block, there stands among them a musician playing on an instrument, and the stones are thus drawn by music to their places in the pyramids. We poise upon our national and race egotism, but find that all earnest students who "drink deep" enough taste of the rich flavor bequeathed to us from our Ayrian forefathers, the rich fountain of India. It is from India, the silent, the thoughtful, the profound land of the Eastern star, that we have derived our system of mathematics, art of music, and method of philosophy. In the dim twilight of her age, fair India in her very death struggle whispered: "Give these mementoes of my life's struggle, these creations of my love, these conquests and trophies which my great soul won during its battle with the material universe, give them all to my hopeful successor, the young and vigorous West. So that when darkness impenetrable settles down upon me, and my corpse resolves into its original elements, my offspring will know by these tokens that I too have had a day, not

a day of luxury, effeminacy, and sensual distraction, but a day of learning, of wisdom, and so on, in which the divine was incarnated in the human, and men were as Gods." Is it not marvelous that through the silence of countless ages this bequest has conveyed its vital spark to the present day, and there is not a lover of truth but feels the magnetic thrill of relationship to the innermost core of his heart? When European scholars first began to interest themselves in the translation of the sacred books of the East, it was with no idea that they contained any deep system of thought, which, when correctly interpreted, would go far to explain many of the enigmas of life, or that in their ancient pages would be found some of the profoundest cosmological truths, but rather in the pursuit of philological and historical science. Their value, says one, to the educated European world was supposed to be in their great antiquity, and not in the thoughts and ideas contained in them, which were never thought worth serious study as embodying a philosophy.

The idea did not occur to them that their books might have a hidden meaning which has been wrapped up in a symbology only recognizable to those who have made a study of mystic philosophy. Joseph A. Sciss, D. D., Episcopalian, says that the tremendous astronomical wisdom embodied in the "Great Pyramid of Gizeh" first impressed him that the ancient story of the stars must have come from a "divine and prophetic source," which conviction led to extensive research and unlimated in his interesting and inspiring book, "The Gospels of the Stars." Astronomy he regards as the

"soul of ancient religion." Although the corruption of ages has befooled a noble science, what marvel and hidden meaning may not a common almanac contain? We are told in an article, "A New Cycle of Progress," that the symbology of Christ's mission made constant reference to the "Zodiacal sign Pisces," which is pictorially and allegorically represented by two fishes; and that the wise men of the East knew that the record of the celestial chart was being fulfilled at the time of Christ's advent, the earth being in spiritual night, and darkness and a star proclaiming his coming.

Still farther, behold what spiritual meaning and marvel in the feet as represented by the fishes. We find him selecting his disciples among fishermen. He directed them where to cast their nets. He made them "fishers of men." He walked on the water; the fish obeyed him and brought the tribute money. He fed the multitude with seven loaves and a few "small fishes," and the fragments were greater than the repast, signifying enough and to spare. He washed his disciples' feet, telling them in symbolic language that "if their feet are clean their whole body is clean," and that unless they have their feet washed they can have no part or lot in the matter. Here again the essential of discipleship was humility, which corresponds to the feet. He came to "bring living waters," his disciples were to be washed and made clean. Thus, says the author, we find the Christian dispensation full of the symbology of Pisces. They must become the least in order to become the greatest. Exaltation was to come through service and humility; thus the gospel found

feet, and has run up and down the earth to prepare the way, and now they say we have entered a new sign, and its quickening influence is felt and seen on every hand. The light, knowledge, science, and achievement of the last eighteen hundred years is but the feet of the new cycle. How grand, then, shall be the estate of the full man ! Christ wrought after the order of the heavens from whence he descended. His apostles were twelve, after the celestial map and signs of the zodiac. Says the author : " We are now two degrees in the new sign Aquarius, on the ascending scale of the cycle, and must prepare for great manifestations of wonderful power." Many may say, is not this an ideal picture, an empty dream ? But behold a marvel as great, that comes when we have a pressing earthly need. When the sperm whale on which we were dependent for light was nearly gone, the earth opened her breast and gave us oil for light. When people were beginning to say what shall we do for fuel because of the scarcity of wood and timber, again the earth opened her breast and gave coal and iron, to serve not for fuel alone, but for uses of building besides. Every time we have a material need, how marvelously it is given. Instances could be greatly multiplied, but this will suffice. Full half of the earth is crying out to God for a better state of things, and the God of nature never fails to respond to the cry of his children. He moves in the current and tide of human events, and the great monopolies and selfishness of our time may be marvelously overruled to other service than the human factors intended, and the wrath of man be made to praise Him. By His

wonderful way and spirit He will bring out the harmony. It may be under the tension of pain, or sorrow, or death, but the harmony will be brought out, sweet, refreshing, and divine. In order to make the most of life we must see this marvel of existence ; the music and poetry of this world is all about us, but in order to interpret its meaning there must be something in our souls to which it responds like an echo. The old philosophers who constructed the singing spheres felt the subtle beauty of nature's adaptability to itself which runs through every ripple and blade of grass. This working in spiritual relationship by signs tells so much. It always seems as if one did more than the mere thing. I think of it in the simplest thing of every day, and hour. When I hung pictures on the wall and put up pieces of statuary I found a story of love ; a history of the progress of slavery to freedom ; of our growth in religious ideas. It comes so in sudden streaks and flashes, each in its own home-place in the heart, the memory of what one has gathered, and entered into, and been through in books, or places, or people, or thoughts, I never know why ; but in the midst of work this breath comes over me, a momentary realizing of all remembrances, imaginings, and hopes, showing how true they are, and how once had they are never lost out, or once looked for ; they are sure to be. That is why I love to live on in this dear old home, planned and managed out of the depths of a loving heart and busy brain. In it we have had rich communion with self-elected friends. It has been sanctified in the building and in the abiding therein. That is why I think a fire is such a dreadful thing — consuming all

the old furniture and curtains, and quilts made of everybody's dresses, and pictures which have given such histories, and books all marked where thoughts are inspiring. If we look at this marvelous world with a poet's eye, our earth life is grand, notwithstanding its struggles and sorrows. See how all things are united by the subtlest chains, and the great worlds which move along the giddy heights of space, like Alpine adventurers, are tied together, lest any one left alone should fall headlong into the abyss. Was ever marvel of burning bush so wonderful as this miracle of a universe, ever moving, burning, changing, and yet never consumed? Awe-struck we stand, and it needs no voice to tell us the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Ask one who has simply kept his soul open to the impression which come to him how it all impresses him, and he can but answer: "It is a miracle!" My wildest fancies have been but the pale ghost of what I have seen. So great are its actualities that I can put no limit to its possibilities. To me the universe is a sacred temple. I do not understand its marvelous architecture. I only know there is a grandeur in it that dwarfs my own imaginings. Awed by it I separate myself from the crowd of self-conscious critics who are superciliously praising or blaming it, and join the lowlier throng of worshippers who bow down at the temple gate. I cannot analyze, I cannot criticise, I cannot dogmatize, I cannot even moralize over it; I can only open my eyes wonderingly towards that which is seen, and bow my head reverently before the greater realities which are as yet unseen.

Unselfish Sorrow.

The freshness of the morning air was indescribably beautiful. It was bliss to merely breathe the pure air, and the joys set forth to the eye were as charming as the life-giving atmosphere to the lungs. Our coachman drove us on the "Old National Road," where, from the earliest dawn of existence to maturer years, I had beheld a constant panorama of coaches, carriages, horsemen, and footmen. Now how deserted! only occasional vehicles and horsemen, with now and then a footman. All the vast throng of travelers were now whirling in coaches at lightning speed. Was it the same world, or had I been transmigrated? A lonely, homesick feeling overpowered me as I thought of the loved ones who had traveled with me so often on the same old road (which we then thought was not excelled in the whole world), and who of late had been fleeing so rapidly to another land. It was too lonely to tarry long. Besides, we had the promise of the driver to take us into the dark, green woodland. Soon as I beheld the dear old beech trees, the dogwoods with their beautiful white bloom illuminating that lovely forest, the clouds of bereavement which had darkened life's pathway so often of late were uplifted. The rain had filled the springs and brooks, which, with the water rippling over their pebbly bottoms, seemed to welcome me with a glad laugh, as in the days of childhood. The familiar hills in the distance

looked like a frozen sea of deep, green billows. An inexpressible beauty spread over the scene, and we wist not what to say, for language cannot utter it. A light seemed over all "that never was, on sea or land."

It was like a concert or oratorio — when earth, air, trees, sunshine, grass, and bubbling brook are all in the same happy mood, all in tune together ; no discord to jar the harmony. The earth became a Bible — the pebbly bottom of the laughing brook its book of Genesis, the singing of the birds its book of Psalms, the air, full of sunlight and fragrance, its Gospels, and the changing lights, the advancing hours, its book of Revelation, showing to us how God is all in all. As I recall it after a lapse of two weeks, this lesson comes to me of the selfishness of imposing our sorrow and pain upon mankind.

Nature, which suffers enough, protests against it in her silent way of practice. Think how after winter she bursts into life again ; think how after a tempest the flowers lift their heads ; think how after an earthquake and the eruption she clothes the slopes of lava and the torn earth with her green and embroidered garments. Hear how the birds, while they remember their desolated nests, give themselves up to the sweet present ! In all this it is the voice of God we hear, the thought of God we see — our Father who is at one with Nature and with us.

What Nature does midst all of her pain we should go and do likewise midst a suffering world. As the flowers do not know the good they do to the weary and

the sick and the poor, as the birds never think how many of that human race so different from theirs have by their song been led away from pain or cheered, so the heart that will not yield to trouble and in its faith and love keeps and gives brightness, as it ought, which sings on its way, though it does not forget its sorrow — "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" — does more for men than we can tell, and far more than many who consciously sacrifice themselves. Their valiant hearts may, even like the birds to us, give comfort to a higher race in greater trouble than we; for all the universe of life is bound together. But if we will keep joy in the midst of trouble we may truly say, "I and the Father are one."

Shut In.

Away from the tumult and the strife. As we look out from our isolation we behold the falling snow; the icy fingers have locked themselves from lake to river. We cannot tell how or when, but lo! the stormy winter is here. The windows rattle, every crevice is a pipe that screams as bad as a street brass band out of tune; the roof shakes; the rafters groan; shut in from it all, with what a delightful sense of security do we lie at night and muse on life's tempestuous sea. The sense of security does not altogether flow from the feeling of being shut in from the howling wind without, but from the ripples of the wind that bloweth where it listeth as well as comes the greater peace.

The winds of mournful memories may blow, the tempest rave in the world, and sorrow wail like a sea-bird and our hearts respond to her shrill cry, and yet if we open ourselves to the ministration of the spirit, one breath of its power can change the wildest winter into a summer-day compact of poet's dreams. Emerson speaks of the live repose behind the mill. It is the mill-race below that makes the smooth pond above so enchanting. It is well for us if the freshet and torrent of our life-stream forms a fathomless lake in our heart. How pitiful if when the storm rages we can not, like a hunted creature amid the rocks or in the woods, run to cover in the secret of His presence. What a temptation to rest and dwell away from all inharmony, turmoil, and doubt, where our wisest thoughts and richest inspirations come all unsought, and where the faculties are gathered into inner silence. So is the deep wisdom of the Quakers vindicated by every sweet visitation of the night watches, as well as the quiet hours of the day. Wieland of his own accord left the presence of her whom he loved for what to him was the deeper pleasure of writing to her.

By too much whirl we are jaded and benumbed. I noticed that our party, who walked up a mount in San Francisco and squandered their powers, had much less of rapture on the summit than those who rode up. We saw with a blur and felt after a sluggish fashion, or were sitting around stupidly on the seats, whilst the others were on the fresh run for views and abounding with emotion; that is, we had foolishly saved three dollars and lost the city, the bay, and the clouds, the most sublime of sublimities.

I can understand how good hermits of old, in triumphant meditation, let the wave of the world's time wash by them in unheeded flow; also our own transcendental hermit of the nineteenth century secluding himself in the woods of Concord, as well as the angelic Emily Dickinson, whose poems draw us nearer to her than if we had known her only in the outward shell for a lifetime. Solitude is invaluable until we reach a point where we can see ourselves and our surroundings in true perspective, till we have heard the voice of truth speaking in our hearts uninterrupted by the clamor of discordant tones. It is our opportunity for sweeping and garnishing the chambers of our life while the disturbers are gone; but it is a means, not an end. Nature does well for us in this respect. If we do not cross her by the yearnings of our hearts, she drives us into the desert for a time. By the same oracle she will after awhile restore us to the haunts of men, for we cannot with impunity separate ourselves from the common humanity. If we turn away from some duty or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearnings of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us in shutting our brother or sister out. We may shut out the angel who had sent them to open the door. There is a plan to be wrought out in our lives, and if we keep our hearts quiet and our eyes open, we see all things working together, and life becomes a beautiful unison; but if not, then —

“Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,”

discord reigns until eternity restores the harmony.

"We Who Believe in Death."

After the earthquake at Lisbon, where twenty thousand people perished, there was much talk about the judgment of God. But out of the child Goethe, then six years old, came a sentence which sent a ray of light through all such glooms: "Perhaps God sees that no mortal accident can harm an immortal soul." Look the world over, scanning the conditions of individuals, and the course of empires and men seem environed by perils. Every day we read of sudden deaths, and the crushing out of human lives by accident, but not until it comes to our hearts and homes and in our town do we fully realize such tragedies. Faith and reason may help us to distinguish between the painful impressions produced by these circumstances and death itself. The shock is not death, nor is the ghastliness, nor is the tragedy. The incidental pain is only physical, and even the rupturing of affectional ties is only temporal. Flesh and heart fail, but there is something more than flesh and heart. Death never occurs until the body has reached a state that is unfit to live in — unfit for the use of its rational inhabitant; and when it becomes an incumbrance we must say from that moment death is in every case a gain. The ghastly side is turned toward us, and even of this we lose sight as we draw near. Dr. Edward H. Clarke has left behind a beautiful testimony to the general painlessness of death, and has shown how gently most persons fall asleep under

the influence of the anæsthetic which the collapsing physical frame supplies to itself—a process which generally goes into effect quite independent of moral character. The sudden shocks we have had of late may justly be referred to as an admonition that we know not the day nor the hour, and should “set the house in order.” But as a matter of fact these cases come under the universal rule, for all men die, and each one of the many victims of late by accident would soon have passed from the earth in the more ordinary course. Upon the very days of these startling events more than seventy-five thousand others of the human race breathed their last, and this vast procession toward the invisible world moves on with never a pause, day after day, through the centuries. As all who are born must as surely die, the outflowing stream is as large as the inflowing stream, and is as surely a part of the divine order. How to reconcile ourselves to the sudden death of large numbers is a problem which offers no other difficulties than how to reconcile ourselves to the death of vastly greater numbers by slow, wasting disease. In both cases we are put under heavy bond to consider how human life may be prolonged by avoiding the cause of its premature ending, but death still remains master of the field—a permanent and universal part of the order. “We who believe in death,” is a phrase of Victor Hugo, and it suggests a way of looking at the subject which disarms it of terror. Our construction of the gospel and of the relation of soul and body must fall in harmony with a large view of what we call the order of the world. Once accepting that order as a

whole, we shall find it easy to accept its particular provisions. Let us, then, consider that every instance of death happens inside of a system which instinct, experience, reason, and revelation all commend to our confidence as safe and sound, wise and good. Death is not a marplot, but a part of the perfect plan, "as natural as birth." Being universal, it is of the same stuff as the universe, and is to be taken along with earth, air, sky, gravitation, breathing, and sleep. Especially is it to be taken along with our own prophetic thoughts, loves, aspirations, and hopes. True, "we know not what we shall be." We can no more forecast our destiny than the embryo can predict its own maturity. But we thrill with intimations, not self-given, that a career is before us. Our nature is written all over with promises, for which earth offers no adequate fulfillment. Especially if our spiritual nature becomes active and articulate, does it bear witness that we are children, and, if children, then heirs? "We came into this world for something ; we shall go out of it for something more ;" and as for the rest, it is in the keeping of One whom we can trust out of sight.

" Praised be the mosses soft
In thy forest pathways oft,
And the thorns which make us think
Of the thornless river-brink,
Where the ransomed tread.

" Praised be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm that worketh dreams
Of calm unfinished.

Praised be thine active days,
And thy night-time's solemn need,
When in God's dear book we read,
'No night shall be therein.'

"Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the change that comes
With a grief from thee to us!
For thy cradles and thy tombs;
For the pleasant corn and wine,
And summer heat; and also for
The frost upon the sycamore,
And hail upon the vine."

—*E. B. Browning.*

Easter Musings.

Last night the earth was washed by showers, and a thunder-storm cleared the air. This morning a fresh northwest wind breaks the clouds, and opens pure, sweet depths of sky. The early spring flowers are in bloom. Over the grass trip the young birds, the trees ring with frequent song. A cat-bird is pouring out an opera in which he takes all the parts in succession, and the voice of the wind is rising and falling in mystic, delicious cadence. When a great sorrow encompassed us, some life had gone out of our life that could never be rekindled, and we sat in darkness. A storm of a great misery unfolded its wings in our bosom as we returned from the last resting-place of a loved form.

A wintry wind was blowing. A sorrowful, hopeless wind it seemed, full of the odor of dead leaves, those memories of green woods and of damp earth, bare graves of the flowers; we thought the glad spring-time would never come again, while enraptured with the wailing wind. It seemed a welcome requiem of nature. But now as the Easter time draws near, the wind blows more gently, and no longer as from the charnel house of the past. As the earth revolving passes alternately into light and shadow, so human life in its divine appointment moves by turn through sorrow and through joy. Each has its service for the soul, as for the earth has day and night each its ministry and message. Of pain comes hardihood, and strength, and sympathy. (What a sapless, fiberless thing is a man untrained by endurance and untaught by suffering! How narrow in intelligence, how shallow in affection!) Yet, as to an all-beholding eye the sun pours light through all the planetary space, and the night, which to us on the darkened side seems all unfolding, is in truth but a shadowy fleck in the vast sun-steeped sphere; so of the soul's universe, the native, all-pervasive element is conscious good. (Gladness is our proper atmosphere.) It is by the impulse of our deepest nature that we seek joy; it is by the force of spiritual gravitation that we are drawn to it. But two hard lessons await us. One is, that to reach that goal we must trust ourselves wholly to a higher power, our own conscious efforts and purposes being only to obey that power. The other is that the goal is not for one alone, but for all; and we can reach it only as we share the common lot, making ourselves

partners in the vicissitudes of our comrades, rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep.) On our long voyage the stars by which we steer must be duty and love. The stars guide us, the winds and currents bear us to the port of perfect good. The instinct of our journey's end we call hope; the instinct by which we cleave to our true course, even when wholly doubtful of its end, and though false lights beckon us alluringly, that instinct we call faith. Under a great loss the heart impetuously cries that it can never be happy again, and in its desperation says it wishes never to be comforted. But though angels do not fly down to open the grave and restore the lost, the days and months come as angels with healing in their wings. Under their touch aching regret passes into tender memory; into hands that are empty new joys are softly pressed, and the heart that was like the tree stripped of its leaves and beaten by the tempest is clothed again with the green of the spring. As in the natural world, so in the spiritual. Think what a change from the dark, stormy night, the thunder and lightning, to this morning of sunlight. So it is in life; troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away; the night and the storms look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning can not be stayed; the storm in its very nature is transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is peace. And now as we are nearing the strange Easter-time our hearts are filled with a kind of electrical joyousness. The very atmosphere seems pervaded with a

wonderful hope as the anniversary of the triumph of our Great Leader draws near. The resurrection of nature also becomes a figure in the vision glowing with "the light that never was, on sea or land." In the greatest souls, those nearest to God, and through whom He most clearly expresses himself, we hear life's music in a triumphant strain. They who see deepest see all things working together for good; they whose ears are finest catch a universal harmony; they who feel most nobly feel peace at the heart of all. It is from such we are to take our ideal; their's is the vision and the temper we are to live towards.

" 'Dost hear the bells,' St. Imier said, 'that thrice
Have waked me from my sleep, and ceaseless call
Across the vale?' 'I hear no bells,' replied
The dull-souled servant, and returned to sleep.
But Imier rose and bound his sandals on,
And drew his cloak about his head, and went
Across the hills and gorges of the Doubs,
The mystic bells still sounding in his ears,
Until he came where from the hill out-gushed
A silvery spring; and there, because the bells
Rang softly overhead, he stayed, and built
His sacred home, about which slowly grew
A town of peaceful homes and busy shops.

" Thus ever those whose listening ears are purged
Of carnal strife, awake when others sleep,
And catch the spirit-tones of distant bells,
Which call across the vales of life from hills
Where God's great thoughts await the best of those
Who, rising from their beds of ease, shall build
Them into walls of truths and domes of deeds."

— J. T. McFarland, D. D.

loftier Ideals.

The old civilization, lacking many other things, lacked, most fatally of all, womanhood, in this its coming power.

They might have survived their other defects and grown into permanence had they so honored woman practically that her nature could embody itself in the people. But this was nowhere the case with any of them. The intellectual system of Egypt paid her no deference as woman or mother that secured her any of the practical benefits of the life she shared. There was no high moral feeling which could save an individual woman from the basest injustice which man chose to inflict upon her or her sex from the shame and degradation of absolute slavery. The mother was the inferior, the slave, the drudge; the courtesan was the star, the pampered mistress of all she could desire. The artistic system of Greece was little better in these features. Physical perfection was sought, it is true, but as an end, not means; hence corruption in and of women was a shameless, glaring feature of the social state. In Greece, if she had influence it was through the renunciation of her highest self and the acceptance of a scepter, whose very touch by her polluted the springs of life in the nation, and holding it she wrote with her own fair hands the decree of doom over the door of every one of the splendid temples which adorned her land. Science, art, philosophy, all her riches of

genius, could not save Greece, wanting the little-great element of nationality — honored maternity.

Then comes the Roman civilization, which was neither intellectual nor artistic ; neither mythical, like the Egyptian, nor voluptuous, like the Greek. It had much they had not. It had great wealth, vast armies, eloquent orators, and literati. With the same degrading relations forced upon her — the wife — an inferior condition to that of the public woman. Her Neros and Vitelluses were because the mother was not.

The degradation of woman in India is appalling. A Hindoo father often waits in an agony of suspense the birth of a child, until the announcement of sex is made ; and an utter desolation of soul has come upon him when he has heard the words : " It is a girl ! " In Indian literature there is no such word as home. No wife sits at the table with her husband. " She is alone loyal and pure who burns herself with her husband's corpse," is one of their wise sayings.

Imperishable growth will only come to humanity when woman receives a system of growth adequate to her claims. It may be that in the low, desperate struggle of the physical ages even the bondage of woman had its beneficent aspect for humanity. Her finer nature, in which lies her only freedom, could neither assert nor accommodate itself in those tough conflicts with the material in that murky atmosphere of storm and battle. Better, therefore, it should be temporarily ignored by herself, as well as by her legitimate lord, for so she could better render the services required of her for the universal good. But now there is

greater light, and we must have loftier ideals. Freedom to woman, and with it universal freedom, is at our doors.

Says Mrs. Angie F. Newman in her missionary book :

“ Brave men from England and America dared perils and defied death to make possible the emancipation of enslaved and enslaver in foreign lands. But woman, the voiceless, the tortured, the bound, was still beyond the pale of man’s effort. His most subtle devices could construct no ladder to scale the heights. Christ, the great liberator, whispered it to a few brave women. There was a duplicate key. It was lost in the dark ages. It rusted in the massive lock at the eastern gateway.

“ There was a single hand, divinely guided, could move it — Christian woman’s. Mrs. Judson touched it — the key clicked, and the hinges turned with a creak that startled the world. One heroic woman after another stepped steadily into the breach, to grow pale with anguish that she had but one pair of hands to loosen fetters, one tongue for the ministry of words, and in the excess of effort perish. Some came back across the parted waters and stood in Christian amphitheatres and cried out : ‘ Rouse, ye Christian sisters.’ Woman, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, counted the cost and said : ‘ We are able.’ Behold that little band of eight women, without money, without agents, meeting together and adjusting a plan, assuming a name with the mystical initials : ‘ W. F. M. S.’ ‘ Eight, and God with us.’ How that little band has multiplied ! Other churches saw the prolific possibili-

ties, the most far-reaching of time past, or time to come, and arranged similar societies that they, too, may plead and work more earnestly for the myriads beyond the seas. What an inspiration it has given to a great army of women in enlightened America as well as in pagan lands."

What progress ! And yet, my friends, do we fully apprehend the marvelous things the mighty God is trying to do for us ? I fear not. Under the inspiration of loftier ideals we must erect our altars in every habitation of cruelty, and supplant the faith of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Onward we must urge the contest, dethroning idol gods and accelerating the new birth of the world. And what may we not expect from Oriental lands producing such gifted men as the late Chunder Sen, leader of the Brahma Samaj, who caught a brighter ray of the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world, and with that illumination strove to lift his people up out of the thralldom in which they were lying — idol worship and its attendant vices. And who that has read Moozoombar's "Oriental Christ" but sees in it that exquisite humility which belongs to the best, because he sees so clearly the heights he has not reached — the awed-questioning hush in which the soul sometimes looks upon the universe, the burden which the world's suffering lays on the sympathetic heart. This book is like a mountain top, glowing with the first rays of the east, although it does not appreciate the best thoughts of Christ. Is not the measure of our responsibility equal to the measure of our possibilities, of our usefulness to God ? If we

are not true to our greater spiritual light, and are not inspired by loftier ideals, may it not be in the future life, when we lift our songs of praise to the Lamb, such as Chunder Sen and Moozoombar may be able to tell us more of His worth, it may be by their want of Him, and their struggles after God without Him, than we by all we have gotten from Him? Thus, then, is the Master's word grandly fulfilled: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Then, as we are so gloriously privileged, we have it as argument enough, if we do it not, to show how very little our privilege has done for us.

The inspiration of loftier ideals must arouse us to higher efforts, new tides of divine life lift us to realities that as yet are only visions dimly seen. We are dwelling too much in the din and strife, in the low atmosphere of darkness and doubt. We have appropriated and realized only a few of the truths of Christ. His beatitudes are still beyond us, with their possibilities of love and endeavor. We are not yet on the heights of Christian life. We are standing at the base of the mountain, and the peaks of divine possibilities loom up in the untraversed immeasured distance beyond. Let us lift up our hearts with greater longing for the infinite possibilities before us, and then, as in the past, when men were guided from their first rude spelling of the moral page of life to their present condition, so in the future will the divine be pointed out to us, that it may become the human interpreting the law of heaven

until it is made the law of earth, elevating humanity till it comes nearer the life of angels and archangels, while yet in these "dwellings of dust," transforming men till they are changed from glory to glory, into the image of God ; changing the world till his will is done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Buddhism and Christianity.

Being in Hastings on a recent Sunday, I took the opportunity to hear the lecture of the Rev. H. Wilson, on "Buddhism" — the only one of the series it has been my privilege to hear. The subject was of deep interest to myself, as ever since reading Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" my mind has been agitated — I may say painfully agitated, with questions that have found no solution, and I may say that I came away more than a little disappointed, the preacher not attempting to handle or even alluding to some very prominent features in Buddhism that struck me so forcibly.

Mr. Wilson did indeed make some slight allusions to certain contrasts and resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity. But it was in modern or mediæval Christianity, particularly that of the Roman Catholic church, where he found the resemblance he spoke of. But to those remarkable coincidences between Budd-

hism and Christianity as found in the gospel narratives, considered either objectively or subjectively, in the historical facts that form the groundwork of the systems, or in their moral and spiritual aspects, I do not remember that he made any allusion.

As a saviour from evil appears to be the one mission of Buddha, in what other sense is Jesus a Saviour? "He shall save His people from their sins." Buddha has a pre-existence, and there was a celestial or miraculous conception of the various forms of material nature, and a heavenly host celebrated his birth. Merchant-men from afar bring costly gifts and worship, and a prototype of Simon presents himself before the newborn child, and uses strangely similar language to that found in the gospel narrative.

Buddha, like Jesus, possessed a supernatural endowment of knowledge, so much so that at the age of eight years he was beyond the need of instruction by the wisest teachers in the state. Like Jesus, he "humbled himself," and chose a life of self-denial and sacrifice. Like Jesus, he was "tempted of the devil" and his angels; and like Jesus, he made disciples, and sent them forth to preach. Any further analogies, and particularly of doctrines, I must forbear. Of course I am fully sensible that the contrasts and differences between the founders — as also between their systems — are far greater, both in number and importance, than the analogies that I have hinted at. Nevertheless, to a mind cherishing a devout faith in Christ and Christianity as among the great religions of the world — the only one divine — to find so many of its elementary

features anticipated six hundred years before, and that in a heathen system of religion, is certainly suggestive of serious reflection. I have long wished for an opportunity to present the problem to some theological teacher, but have found it not. Possibly some one may have some explanation to offer.

One difference in the portrait of Buddha as drawn by Mr. Wilson and that drawn in the book I have referred to, between boyhood and the age of eighteen, deserves notice. The lecturer describes Buddha during that period as somewhat wild and dissipated. The book describes him during the self-same period as almost a religious recluse, overflowing with pity and love, and almost entirely given to thought and meditation. Mr. Wilson's version introduces an anomaly, and seems somewhat inconsistent with all other parts of the story, while the picture given in the "Light of Asia" is of a piece with the rest, of "purged from mortal taint of sense and self by the overwhelming love and pity that possessed him."

S. B. Binfield

"An Answer to Buddhism and Christianity."

I know it has been said the same precepts are to be found in previous sacred writings, in the books of Confucius, the Vedic Liturgies, the Talmud, or the *Buddhist* writings, as in the New Testament. Jesus never pretended to invent the truths He uttered. He was sent from the Father to give a new revelation of the everlasting religion of the human race. It revealed, that is unveiled what had been covered.

It was "the Word" which "was from the beginning," which was made flesh by Jesus Christ. There never was a time when God was not revealing Himself with such illuminations and visions of truth as each age and people were able to comprehend. The history of religious thought shows that the God-idea is an unfolding one. It has passed through many stages, ascending through the lowest fetichism toward pure spiritual worship. As people are ready to receive higher truths, God sends to every nation, and to every epoch and time, leaders, prophets, and teachers. The truths taught in the Talmud have not gone beyond the Jewish people; those uttered by Confucius have been limited to the people of China; only Eastern Asia has heard the voice of Buddha, but all the nations of Europe and America have received the gospel, and there is no part of the globe where its teachings are not being carried to-day. The originality of Jesus was

this: That He saw truths with such a heavenly vision that He was able to speak as one having authority to the children of men. The coming of Jesus was delayed until the world was ready. If He had come too soon He would not have been able to finish the work God gave Him to do. "When the fullness of time had come, God sent His Son." The law was a school-master to bring man to Christ. Moses and David, Isaiah and Ezekiel, the temple and the synagogue, had made ready the mind of the Jewish nation, so that when Jesus was born there were multitudes who waited for the consolation of Israel. Meantime the Gentile world had been prepared in other ways. Æschylus and Socrates prepared the way of the Lord in Greece; Roman law prepared the way throughout its vast dominion. The Pagan religions had done all they could, and had lost their power; and the minds of men were open, waiting, longing for a higher and better revelation of truth. Even John the Baptist is described as one who came to prepare the way of the Master. All this shows that the great influence on mankind exerted by Christ depended, to some extent, on the condition of the human mind to receive him. The truths of Christianity are so absolute and so universal as to be fitted to become the religion of mankind. He excelled Buddha and all other religious teachers in this way: That what He taught He saw; that what a few philosophers had uttered in their speculation He has made the possession of mankind. "Buddhism," says St. Hilare, "teaches charity to others, self-denial, resignation, the abhorrence of falsehood, and respect

for family life, together with contempt of earthly good, and with the sense of equality." But adds: "Its faults are social impotence, egotistical preoccupation, a loss of the ideal good, scepticism, incurable despair, an absolute contempt of life and of the personal man, and finally atheism."

Let us be thankful for the good that Buddha and the other prophets have done to those nations in teaching them higher morals, taming their ferocity, and preparing them for something better still. But when we are asked to believe that their teaching is equal to Christ's, we must inquire why it has not done more for the world, and why we did not hear these truths from them instead of having them from Jesus? It is not enough to say "Christianity is the exclusively true religion." We must go farther, and maintain that it is the inclusively true religion. That which excludes and shuts out is not so good as that which takes in and receives. As the sea includes its waves, so does Christianity include all the truths brought by other prophets and other sages. It accepts from Confucius its reverence for the past; from Judaism its prophetic vision of the future; from Brahminism its faith in spirit as above all; from Buddhism its tender humanities and charities; from Zoroaster the necessity of moral warfare against evil; from Greece the love of beauty; from Rome the love of law; from Scandinavia the love of freedom.

There is a breadth in Christianity which belongs to its spirit rather than to any intellectual formula, which makes it thus largely hospitable to the best which is in

all. The only progressive religion in the world to-day is Christianity. All others are decayed, arrested, or retrograde. But Christianity is capable of self-development. It unfolds itself into new forms, puts forth new branches, and makes every day a new heaven and a new earth. In ages of universal war it unfolded into monastic institutions — islands of peace in the midst of a stormy ocean, oases of knowledge in the desert of ignorance. When all society seemed falling apart amid the deluge of barbarism it created the papacy as a central force to hold Christianity together. When this force became excessively tyrannical it suddenly produced the Protestant Reformation, which saved personal liberty in Europe; and when this outbreak of fiery lava had become too rigid it again burst forth in such fountains of thought as Puritanism, Quakerism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and the multiform varieties of modern opinion. There is nothing so practical as the Christian religion; nothing that has done the work in this world, so controlled the forms and changed the spirit of society, as that Being whose humble mission the four biographers in the New Testament reveal. Wherever a church is built, a bloody law expunged, a rebuke of slavery, a plea for the poor, it arises like incense from the great heart of Christ. His name must of necessity rise over all others as the world's greatest practical benefactor, source of its best institutions, author of its noblest liberties, purifier of its homes, regenerator of its laws. We say this with all reverence and gratitude for the great work of the gentle hermit, who changed habits of life in barbarous

lands, tamed the rude population with his pure and gentle way, abolished caste in India, emancipated the people from the yoke of the priesthood, the great seer, hero, and philanthropist. We do not wonder at the great respect and gratitude of mankind toward Buddha, who sacrificed his wealth, his princely power, and gave himself to the search for relieving the universal woe, if happily he might save the overburdened world from the curse of being. It was the work of a sublime soul.

The Religion of Spiritual Childhood.

Does a grand church with its rare paintings, music, and statuary, its gorgeous out-flowering of religious observances, indicate a more abundant and fruitful spiritual life?

Probably no wholesale statement on such a subject would be just. The promptings to improve and beautify our dwellings and all our surroundings may spring from a more exalted conception of the objects and uses of a home, from an advancing standard of taste and comfort, and from our deepening gladness in all human life and companionship. What flowers, gems, or stars, are too bright to be woven into crowns for the brow of the beloved? Perhaps no man can attain the highest excellence who is insensible to sensuous beauty. Sensuous beauty leaves the heart unsatisfied; it gives con-

ceptions which are infinite, but it never gives or realizes the infinite. Will it lead on to the infinite? It answers partly to a sense which it does not satisfy, but leaves you craving still, and because craving, therefore seeking. Attend a Roman Catholic church and mark how large a portion of the service is the training of the senses, by color, form, smell, outward movements to a kind of ceremonial fitted for the spiritual childhood of the race, admirably fitted it may be for those needs in the worshippers. It is so rich in sensuous appeal to the eye and ear, so sincerely made, that no one's heart and soul can help being benefitted by at least an occasional enjoyment of music, pictures, and symbolic language. Such at least has been my experience in visiting different cathedrals.

An eminent priest from New England visiting Rome wrote back to Boston of the gorgeously decked churches of Italy : "They are little heavens." Such was my idea when in my girlhood I first entered a cathedral. The pictures, images, incense, the nuns chanting, the priest with his white robe, the fixed gaze of the worshippers, all to my mind then seemed unearthly. It was Palm Sunday, and they distributed branches amongst the worshippers ; "and conquering palms they bear" came again and again to my excited vision. There some priests and nuns had just returned from a mission of love and mercy ; in the midst of pestilence, suffering, and death, they counted their lives as naught. Yes, I honor and love Roman Catholics. And yet, God help us to testify against the errors of the wise, and the evil good men do. All forms of

thought, though ever so true and helpful, must be held in freedom, subject to revision and restatement, else they narrow the understanding and make themselves into chains. The Roman church of Christ systematically denies full and free development; verily believing that it is doing God's service, just as Paul did when persecuting the first disciples of Jesus. I would say to these brothers, Jesus says to me: "Call no man your father on the earth." "Say not so, Oh, Jesus," says many a "Catholic" priest, for I being a priest am the man's "father," or rather I am his shepherd, and all men are sheep under me. Oh, brothers, take from their little feet those iron shoes. In other words, keep not God's inspiration of mind and will, which are free inquiry and free co-labor with God.

Nevertheless, while masses and tribes of men grow gray in the veriest babyhood of that religion which is life, spiritual, mental, divine life, the church of Rome has a mission in the world. Let all that our Father gives to that church go to it, and God bless them. I shall go with them now and again, and be grateful for the good I get there. But I cannot join that church until it is catholic enough to preach the law of all human life. As bound to love and worship, as free to think and govern in religion as in all else.

Agnosticism.

The great work of the world has been done by those who have believed. The agnostics of the fifteenth century told Columbus they did not think there would be any way to Asia by going west. Columbus believed with his whole soul that there was such a way, and so he discovered a new world. The agnostics of the seventeenth century did not believe in the possibilities of a self-governed commonwealth. Our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers believed it, and they created New England and all our free institutions. The agnostics of the nineteenth century said that slavery could never be abolished in this country in our time. Garrison and Charles Sumner believed it would be, and so they and their companions lived to see its destruction. Thus the world is saved by faith by some men who are able to believe when all others doubt and hesitate, and say, "we cannot tell."

"Faith removes mountains;" nothing else can remove them. Men seek for different things in life, and they find what they seek. There are two men, equally intelligent, both educated, and, while one of them believes in God, the other can find no good reason for such a conclusion. To one the whole vast universe is only a machine of blind forces and dead laws. It came out of chaos by the automatic action of these forces; it will go back into chaos by the same blind action. No divine intelligence, no heavenly love, is

in nature or in our human lives. To the other man the world thrills with the movement of the Creator. He sees in it an infinite beauty, a perfect order, an intelligent love which is above all things and toward which all things tend. Darwin told us he was an agnostic ; he could not quite decide whether there was a God or not. Emerson was a Theist ; he saw God in all things. Both were wise and good men. Why did one see God everywhere and the other not see Him ? The difference came from the point of view. One devoted his life to the study of the outward universe, to the " things seen and temporal ; " the other to the inward universe, to the things of the soul. Each found what he sought.

The swing of the pendulum has gone from one extreme to the other. Formerly all thought ran to metaphysics, theology, philosophy. The outward world was neglected. Only the soul of man was studied ; the laws of spiritual being, speculations concerning the origin of things, the essence of God, the freedom of the will, preordination, the relation of the infinite to the finite. These visions became more and more subtle and unsubstantial. When the mind of man turned from heaven to earth, from " things unseen and eternal," to " things seen and temporal," it was found that we lived in an outward world full of wonder and beauty, all governed by unchanging laws, all throbbing with mysterious forces. Tired of airy, unreasonable speculations in the skies, man comes down to solid earth. The physical sciences spring into being ; instead of dogmatizing, man becomes a simple

inquirer. He asks and receives ; he seeks and finds. He asks the earth from whence it came, and the answer is Geology. He asks their atoms, and their answer is Chemistry. In all nature he meets with unchanging law, order, permanence. What wonder that the result of the studies in the outward world is to make them seem alone real ? The world of the soul becomes an illusive vision ; that of matter, solid reality. God disappears as a personal friend, seen within the soul, and becomes a vast plastic force, moving in this outward world. He is no longer the object of prayer, for who can pray to a force or law ? The soul is no longer a personal unit, a moral substance, but only the result of bodily organization. We die, and that is the end of us. Thus far has the pendulum of thought swung from one extreme to another. But this is only a transition state. It is due to the difficulty in all thought grasping more than one thing at a time. When the object under consideration was mind, then the outward world was neglected and ignored.

Now that the object is the outward, the inward world in its turn is neglected. Such are the revenges of nature. But after all there is nothing so real and so interesting as spirit. The mind which grasps the universe is the mightiest power on earth ; mind devotes itself with a mighty love to great deeds and vast reforms. It pours itself forth in art, poetry, and music. Is not the mind the most real thing in nature, that for which nature exists ? A single soul like that of Longfellow, whose tender song has soothed the heart of nations, is a more important factor in the universe of

God than a whole train of meteoric planets informed with no such divine light. Who can believe he has come to an end because no longer using the bodily instrument with which he was connected? The lower reason, which we call instinct, has led all primitive races, with scarcely an exception, to believe in God and the immortality of the soul. Behold the illiterate "Sojourner Truth" going to the anti-slavery meeting to hear what she would say through the mediation of the spirit. The higher development of reason in such minds as Socrates and Plato has taught the same doctrine, listening to the voice to lead them, and teaching future existence.

Great intelligences, like those of Pascal and Swedenborg, inclining naturally to faith, see the future life as an undoubted reality. The opposite class of speculative thinkers, inclining to criticism and doubt, like Bacon and Theodore Parker, hold firmly to the same belief. We may say, then, that the human race as a whole, in spite of the great darkness that hangs over the future, and notwithstanding all the arguments of the keenest skepticism, has universally held to the belief in a future life. We believe in love, in truth, in sight, in beauty, all of which are too subtle essences to be held in the iron grasp of logical formulas. And we believe in God because we find in the depths of our soul a sense of something divine; because in our best and happiest hours we feel the breath of a divine love; because in our sorrow, loneliness, bereavement, we need the consolation of this faith, and cannot live without it. In our best hours we believe the most. The noblest lives

are created by this faith. Unbelief in that which is ideal, divine, perfect, weakens the soul. Doubt unnerves and dissolves our moral strength. Therefore is it that all the ingenuity displayed in all time in building up theories of unbelief is wasted. They endure for a night, but faith comes again in the morning. They last while the soul is on the side of the earth turned away from the sun; but when we once pass into the sunshine of a healthy existence these mists disappear, and we once more arise and go to our Father.

A Higher Life.

“ ‘Whence came and whither bound are we?’
Holds something still of mystery;
But one grave thought is clear and plain,
We shall not pass this way again.

“ Why waste an hour in vain regret,
For common ills that must be met?
Why of the thorny road complain?
We shall not pass this way again.

“ Why wound, or cause a tear to start?
Why vex or trouble one poor heart?
Each hath its secret grief or care,
Its burden that thou canst not share.

“ The years glide by; stand strong and true.
The good thou canst, oh, quickly do!
Let gentle words soothe woe and pain,
We shall not pass this way again.”

—*Eliza M. Hickok*

As men multiply on the face of the earth and private interests begin to collide and to crowd each other, we are compelled to choose between a higher and a lower order of life, for at every turn we must help or hurt our fellow-beings. Now a man who merely looks out for himself is brought into decided antagonism with others. He pushes and is pushed. He resists cunning with cunning. Hence society becomes a chronic warfare — a scene of passionate wrangling for supremacy, or it may be for the bare means of existence. The early form of self-love, which is all right to exist with the innocence of childhood, now changes into active hatred or practical cruelty, or, at best, into hard indifference or that absorbed pursuit of private advantage in which we become very quick to see our own rights and very blind to our neighbor's. Dr. Franklin recites the legend of an angel who was conducted by a fellow angel on a first visit to this planet, and chanced at his first approach to look down and out of the pure, heavenly spaces upon the horrors of a battle-field. "You promised to bring me to earth," he exclaimed, "but you have brought me to hell !"

War, with all its pomp and garments rolled in blood, is only the focalization of human selfishness. The commune question is baffling us. There are roots of selfishness somewhere to be taken away, or all the horrors of a French revolution may follow. I cannot see anything noble in that ferocious struggle between rich and poor ; the one striving to take as much and the other striving to keep as much as he can. Is there not something devilish in the way men rend each other in

the fury of trade and politics? The cup of misery is kept full to overflowing because "all men seek their own." Indeed, so confirmed and constant is this order of things, that we are sometimes tempted to accept it as a fatal necessity. And yet there is a more excellent way. In every age a mild voice of rebuke has been heard saying to the selfish, jarring tribes of the earth: "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one another?" Is there any hope of a better state of things on earth — any possibility of making human life a joy and a blessing — unless this nobler principle becomes dominant, unless the demon of selfishness can be cast out by the incoming of a higher spirit? The earth has been pressed by the sacred feet of some men who believed in the law of good-will; who called men to the love and service of each other; who taught them to merge self-love in the larger principle of love to all, so that no man should consider his own advantage alone, but also the advantage of his fellows.

To this better social order the Israelites were summoned by the law-giver of Deuteronomy, who said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To this the prophets gave witness when they rebuked the unbrotherly greed and violence of an unregenerate people, and recalled them from polluted altars to the simple duty of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. And was not this, the law of brotherhood and self-sacrifice, the very "kingdom of heaven," which Jesus came to set up in the place of the old disorder — a kingdom in which God's will should "be done on earth," so that the path to honor

would be through lowliest service? For all souls in all worlds, this is the supreme law of welfare : No man liveth to himself. Identify yourself with your kind. Let self-love rise upward into universal love. Talk not so much of rights, but more of duty, more of charity. It matters not whether we feed our arrogance and selfishness with wealth or science, or with theology, so long as we are nourishing proud-flesh and ossifying our hearts. Let us not stop with this mere proclamation of brotherhood, but let us study and apply the principles of well-being. Let us lift up useful employment into honor. If all the men who are prosperous, who are kept clear of vice, if all the men who are strong in various excellence only made themselves brothers to those who are less fortunate than they, so that there was no doubt of their sympathy and help, what an uplifting of humanity there would be.

It is the sweet, pitying rains of spring that make the grass grow, and the sun returning from the equator, and the warmth and patience of the summer, that bring forth the flowers and the trees in their robes of beauty. The wind from the north does not make them grow, the freezing does not coax them ; the burying banks of snow do not solicit them. All terror, and all thunder, and all severity produces no growth. We are children of the Great Father in proportion as we are in sympathy with those who are around about us. How sacred is man for whom Christ died ! And how cruelly we treat him ! Oh, my friends, we have the same temptations, we are upon the same journey, out of darkness toward the light ; out of sin toward holiness ;

out of self toward God. Let us clasp hands. Let us cover each other's faults. Let us pray more and criticize less. Let us love more and hate less. Let us live the higher life, and, bye and bye, when we stand in the summer land, in pure light, we will pity ourselves for every stone that we threw, but we shall not be sorry for any tear that we shed, or any hour of patient endurance that we experienced for another. Not the verses that we wrote, not the great display of intellectual power, not the wealth that we amassed, but what we did for one of Christ's little ones, in that hour will be our joy and glory above all else.

"First the Blade."

Tartar or Parsee, Hindoo or African, European or American, we do not choose our ancestry, our birth-place, nor the customs nor costumes in which we shall be brought up. No more do we choose whether we shall be born under a monarchy or a republic, or whether we will be trained in a Calvinistic catechism or under the guarded birthright of a Quaker meeting; and because these are not matters of choice, and cannot be, they are not matters of vital morality. The just Judge will surely require of every man according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not. When the negro of South Africa prostrates himself before a

block of wood he confesses as sincerely a superior to himself as the Parsee who bends in adoration before the rising sun, or as the Christian when he worships the invisible Lord. He has not yet learned the greatness that is in him, and is therefore ready to acknowledge in any creature a greater than himself. The eternal master which all souls reverence looks out upon him from the senseless block ; and that is what he really adores. And that is what we also adore, more worthily conceived. Human nature was the same that it now is in the earliest antedeluvian time, but society, how different ! What accessions of knowledge and insight, what stores of experience, what culture, what social reform, what hope and confidence for the future. There never was a time when God was not revealing himself with such illuminations and visions of the truth as each age and nation were able to comprehend ; not by prodigy or portent, in whirlwind or in fire, but through the still, small voice of the moral sentiment in man he advances from the unimaginable secret of his being into such cognition as the finite mind can have of the eternal. On some retired soul intensely musing, far back in the unknown past, first dawned the great idea which fills and rules the earthly sphere ; the idea whose birth in the human mind was the birth of an intelligible, spiritual world from the dark, wild chaos of polytheism ; the idea which alone gives being a plan, creation a purpose, a meaning to life, to holy aspiration an adequate goal. Once risen on the world, the quickening, saving idea did not set, but when it was dim, in the confused ages of nature-worship and priestly

oppression which compose the cycles of primeval history ; fresh inspiration was breathed upon it, new mus- ing souls rekindled its beams, new revelation confirmed the old — new revelations and better, clearer, fuller, as human progress opened the mind and reflection deep- ened with advancing life. For revelation is a thing of degrees ; the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, though sacred and dear as the morning star of theism, is not the God of Isaiah, still less the God who is a spirit to be worshipped in spirit and truth. As people are ready to receive higher truths God sends to every nation, and to every epoch and time, leaders, prophets, and teachers. And who can doubt Jesus is highest among them all ? “ And when the fullness of time had come, God sent His son.” The coming of Jesus was de- layed until the world was ready. If he had come too soon he would not have been able to finish the work God gave him to do. The law was a schoolmaster to bring man to Christ.

Moses and David, Isaiah and Ezekiel, the temple and the synagogue prepared the mind of the Jewish nation, so that when Jesus was born there were multitudes who waited for the consolation of Israel. Meantime the Gentile world had also been prepared in other ways. Æschylus and Socrates prepared the way of the Lord in Greece ; Roman law prepared the way throughout its vast dominions. The Pagan religions had done all they could and had lost their power ; and the minds of men were open, waiting, longing for a higher and better revelation of truth. Even John the Baptist is described as one who came to prepare the way of the Master.

All this shows that the great influence on mankind exerted by Christ depended, to some extent, on the condition of the human mind to receive him. The truths of Christianity are so absolute and so universal as to be fitted to become the religion of mankind. The Christian religion is the only one which is associated with human progress, and is itself going on through successive stages of development. Other religions are more or less in a state of arrested growth. Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Brahmanism give few, if any, signs of progress. But the Christian religion, as Jesus predicted, is passing on from blade to ear, from the ear to the full corn in the ear. Long did Christianity struggle before it could emancipate itself from the speculative doctrine of the Greeks and the supernaturalism of the Jews, and even now it is hardly free. But the hour cometh, and now is when something greater than merely speculative doctrine and outward wonders shall be the inheritance of every believer. If our religion is still in the blade, what will be the ear? We can foresee the future by the tendencies of the present. We find around us symptoms of a deeper and richer life. Christianity, which has unfolded from Greek speculation and Jewish wonder into the path of reason, which emancipated itself in the Reformation from the constraints of form, ritual, and ceremony into the freedom of the sons of God, is still advancing toward a higher character and a larger work. It once, only, saw God in Jesus; hereafter it will know that the divine life in Him is also something human. It has seen the wonder of His death; it will recognize the power of His life.

It has heretofore pointed to a future heaven to redress the woes and wrongs of this world ; it will hereafter go about as Jesus did, to make a heaven here below, to bind up the broken-hearted, and give its thought to the problem of our human life. It has indeed been a philanthropic religion, but it will be more systematic and thorough in the future in lifting the weight of the world's cares, bearing the burdens of those who are weak. The future church, no more divided into sects and parties, will join hand with hand, and the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, will make increase of the body, building itself up in love. It will recognize more and more its great mission — to overcome evil by good, war by peace, hatred by love, darkness by light. So will the blade become the ear, and at last ripen into the full corn in the ear. We are now going forth weeping, bearing good seed ; those who follow us will come rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. And thou, O Jesus ! great brother of the human family, we would see Thee and have Thee with us always, even to the end of the ages. Be with us to unite heaven with earth, man with God, and all races and nations with each other. By Thy sacrifice of love put an end to our estrangements ; join reason with faith ; the things seen and temporal with the things unseen and eternal ; earthly joy with immortal hope ; the worship of God in nature with that of God in the soul. Teach us to pray once more the trusting prayer of childhood, once more to see the heavens open, and man standing on the right hand of God. Unite all our

hearts to love Thy Father and our Father, Thy God
and our God.

“ Come to us, dearest brother, blessed friend !
To mortal toil immortal vigor lend !
Lift up our hearts, guide their uncertain ways,
And fill with sunshine sweet our dreary days.

“ Lift up the mourner's heart, from out the gloom
Thou life immortal, to our sad hearts come ;
Lift up the sinner's heart, for him we pray
That peace which earth gives not nor takes away.

“ Lift up the heart of nations ! let them stand,
Hostile no more, but brothers, hand in hand.
Lift up the toiler's heart, O, make us see
How those who work for others work for Thee.

“ Then shall thy kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Then each new century shall enter more
Into the secret of this friend of friends,
His peace on earth, his heaven that never ends,”

Quietude.

It is in the quiet of the early dawn, in the first blush of morning, that the birds sing their sweetest songs ; and at the twilight, also, when nature is hushed to repose, they pour forth their plaintive melodies. So we need to put ourselves into a condition of quietude, of apartness from life's unresting sea, to enable us to live lives of faith, usefulness, and beauty. There is a

a power in the silent worship of the Quakers that enters into their lives, making their yea and nay of more force than assertions and oaths. We can trace the wonderful influence of Whittier to the serene peace and quietude of his life. It is breathed into his lines, and enters like a benediction into the sympathizing reader. We could almost fancy that the mantle of Elijah had been thrown upon him; that he also had wrapped his face in it and listened; for like the prophet of old, he sits apart, not in selfish indifference to the nation's welfare, but with a heart alive to every beating of its pulse. But his inspirations are born of the closet and the Spirit's whispers. There are times when we ask ourselves the question, How does God work? We will not stop to question whether the world is making progress or not. Those who believe in the indestructibility of truth need not question that, but assume it. The work of God goes on in silence when the heart of man is still. In the hour of meditation, when the din of the busy world is hushed, then the Spirit speaks, and who so listens is wise. Then come the better promptings, the generous emotions, the hungerings of the spirit, the kindly flow of charity and love that would strip off all wrappings of class and clasp in brotherhood and sisterhood all mankind.

Oftentimes this speaking voice is so faint that we hardly hear it; but if we give it heed and time, it will come nearer and abide with us. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Thus it is that God's kingdom is coming, silently but

surely. We see no violent convulsions, no striking epochs — no one line where we can say that stops and this begins; but all things are noiseless and quiet. The heart's promptings find expression in life, in the daily intercourse, the deeds performed. All earnest workers (and they must have an earnest enthusiasm in order to succeed) are inspired by this quiet, hidden inner life, by solitary communion with the Invisible One. It lends a dignity to life, to every deed, to the worth of every hour, to feel that God is not only over us, but in our very hearts, working out His purposes, giving us the privilege of being co-workers with Him. We are too apt to think we shall have to put off our garments of flesh and become spiritually clothed before we can become inheritors of His promises; but it is not so. Our daily lives may be gentle ministries of helpfulness or strength; may be so filled with the spirit of goodwill and sympathy that happiness will radiate therefrom as light and heat from the sun. Could we but realize the breadth and depth of a kindness, how many hungry hearts there are starving for a loving, encouraging word, how much oftener it would be conferred. The spirit of which good deeds is the outcome is born in the heart, and, blessing the giver in the giving, flows forth in endless circles of joy and gratitude.

The still dews of quietness make earnest workers, but take away the strain and stress and strivings, and give our ordered lives the beauty of peace. Some say this is a mystical, dreamy view to take of living, not practical in this age of action; but we think differently. This world is as God made it, and the people

just such as He has placed here ; and are not the human hearts and human needs just the same in their primary elements as they were when Jesus came on earth and preached of righteousness and the life to come ? By His example He showed how it was possible to be in the world, and yet not of the world ; and that by every deed He manifested that the fountain of His life flowed from a hidden but eternal spring ; that oftentimes He withdrew from the crowd, even from His disciples, and wandered in desert places for the purpose of communion and prayer. If Jesus had need of this, how much more have we ; and we cannot keep our balance unless we do it. Disease, mental, bodily, and spiritual, comes from over-excitement. Our nation is suffering from it, our rulers, our people. There is a whirlwind of excitement in the air. The social question baffles us ; and a thousand discords ring. What will bring peace to the troubled waters ; calm out of the tumult ? We must go away into some quiet place, and there await the leading of the Lord ; and after we have heard the still, small voice, go forth filled with awe and strength to give unto others the magnetism of the Spirit's power, to bring calm to the troubled waters of life wherever we go, to check the headlong passion of our lives. To attain this is no easy task, but one requiring a life-service and purest faith in the final triumph of Christianity.

Insight.

“ So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears.”

Insight transforms the universe. Upon the retina of the eye the visible creation paints itself. With eyelids closed how much more the intellect sees. The vision of the hawk or eagle is keener than our own. Insight beholds wonders the senses never saw. The old homestead of our childhood, with its long double porch, is more beautiful to my eyes than the stateliest palace, for it not only opens the soul's memories, but the soul's fancies, its joys, its various moods, what we have thrown out of ourselves, ambition, longings, clothing them with the best we have; not absolute fact merely, but fact at the bottom and fancies above it. The tottering woman who sat in the chimney corner was my father's aunt. We did not see her withered and dried like an untimely apple overkept. What we saw in her was her service—her life love. That was the atmosphere that hovered about her; it glorified the despoiling of the body. Do we not hang upon the trees the whispered confession that was made beneath them? We say now of the upper porch, with its grand view of forest, and water of the well and the bucket more than they meant to us when we greeted many genial faces on its steps, or when we quenched our thirst in our girlhood by the old oaken bucket, where we rejoiced in the record of our joy, and where we sorrowed of our sorrow.

Take out of the old home what my thoughts, memories, affections, associations put into it, and how much of it would be left? Anything is what we make it with our thought. When I went back to Danville, a few months ago, and would see all my friends I left there I was obliged to go to the beautiful cemetery to find some of them. There they were, one by one; I summoned them, and they came. Did I see nothing there but the sculptor's skill? Was there no endeavor of yearning love to give some emblem that should represent how grand or how beautiful the dear ones were? Why the very trees were full of murmuring messages; the birds were singing from afar, and were the voices of the gone; the flowers that lifted up their heads exhaled messages from the spirit land? That which made that cemetery so dear to me was not its shade-built mansions and its dust, but its glorious associations which life had treasured up with the names that are spelt out there. As I read it seemed to me but yesterday that I beheld them moving through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasures on every side through the air to every one far and near that could listen. From thence we went to a neighboring city to visit two friends. They are gray-haired now, but I shut my eyes as we sat by the fire and heard them laugh, and thirty-three years fled away. It was the old laugh I used to hear ringing across the ancestral hall and down in the forest on the banks of the rippling water when we were young. So I made believe I was laughing, too, but the tears were in my eyes, I guess. Still it was not

sorrow, but a joy for which laughter could not quite find a way. The secret chambers had opened their doors, and memories of other days came trooping forth with the dew of their slumber upon them to make the youth and the ripe old age one. Walking through a land of enchantment, swimming in a sea of mystery, we fail to analyze the waves of sound, the morning-light that unseals our vision, or the flashing brain that launches forth its thunderbolts of thought. I am glad of it ; it is a matter of rejoicing, not regret. Surely we delight in the divine method in every line we trace, but where the line begins or ends is forever unseen ; and the invisible which only is not but can not be seen or grasped, is the element of homage. Oh ! my agnostic friend, you builded better than you knew when you fled to the great musical concert to be emancipated from material thought and outward leanings to float on the waves of sound in the upper air of inspiration, hearkening to the wisdom which cannot be measured by line or plummet. To finer ears than ours melodies would reveal themselves in voices that jar harshly on us. There is a music which the soul alone discerns, triumphant marches of the heroic will ; dirges to which eternity alone can bring comfort ; hearts blending like intertwined voices ; deepest organ notes in which the soul feels God himself ; orchestral harmonies in which nature with all its ordered majesty and humanity with all its burdens move together toward some divine consummation.

“ He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

"Behold I Make all Things New."

"The world's old ;
But the old world waits the hours to be renewed,
Toward which new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men —
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economies, new laws,
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new! "

When a child I thought what a fearful thing it must have been to have lived in the time of the revolutionary and late wars, and how thankful I was that I was born and lived in times of peace. But when the rebellion came and the conflict was between those of our own household, I was terror stricken at the dread reality. And so have I been shocked in reading of the theological conflicts of other ages, when the martyrs were cast into the flames, although I knew no fire could touch their immortal and indestructible youth. We sit in safety and in peace, so far as these poor bodies are concerned, but our cherished beliefs, the hopes, the trust that strengthened the hearts of those we loved who have gone before are cast into the fiery furnace of an age which is fast turning to dross the certainties and sanctities once prized as our most precious inheritance. I am jealous of any word spoken or written that would tend to impair the birthright of reverence which becomes for so many in after years the basis of a deeper

religious sentiment. And yet I can not and will not shut my eyes to the problems which may seriously affect our modes of conceiving the eternal truths on which and by which our souls must live.

What a fearful transition time is this for us poor, timid creatures to be born into ! I suppose the life of every century has more or less social resemblance to that of some particular Apostle. This century must surely have Thomas for its model. How must the other Apostles have felt when that experimental philosopher explored the wounds of the Being who to them was divine with that inquisitive forefinger. In our time that finger has multiplied itself into ten thousand implements of research, challenging all mysteries. Pity us, dear Lord, pity us ! The peace in believing which belonged to other ages is not for us. Wilt Thou not take the doubt of Thy children whom the time commands to try all things in the place of the unquestioning faith of the earlier and simpler-hearted generations ? We, too, have need of Thee. For how lonely is every genuine thinker ! He goes out like Abraham at the command of God, from his own city and his father's, not knowing whither he goes. He may find a happy Canaan bye and bye, but before that comes he is likely to have to fight with many Philistines. He must spend long years in an Egyptian slavery to doubtful creeds. Receptive of advanced ideas, his affections do not always move with his convictions, but linger around the dear old hymns and liturgies, and forms, and temples long after his convictions have left them. And the love nature (perhaps more properly called the

spiritual nature) is capable of higher and better things in religion than the thought nature. If, therefore, we say we have passed from the old to the new, when only our convictions have passed, and if we lacerate and wound and weaken the love nature in trying to make it let go too speedily, we never find a religious home again. Love strikes its roots into crevices which thought never sees; it clings; it cannot go with thought, but must follow afterward.

When we conclude that it is better for us to leave our eastern home and go to the far west we find our affections so grown into the walls of the old homestead that we must keep a close connection with the old a long time after we have moved away. We must write letters and return to visit occasionally, and so gently and slowly disengage our affections, or we will wound and weaken them. Just so in religion. It is important that we preserve in full strength and beauty our spiritual nature. Through this comes the purest, highest, sweetest experiences. We come nearest to God in what God is—love. If we weaken our love nature, therefore we weaken our powers of attaining to that which is most divine. But if we give time for our affections to disengage themselves and come to the new in full vigor, then they are like plants set in deeper and richer soil, which grow more luxuriously and bring forth a more abundant harvest.

Oh! then deal gently and be tolerant, ye that have power to close the doors of the church on your brother ministers, who, like Dr. Thomas, are so finely endowed and sensitive that thought is a painful process unless

guided by the inner vision of the spirit, and whose conclusions are reached as much through the pressure of the sympathies as constraint of the understanding, and who notes with grief rather than with indignation the errors and inconsistencies of the dear old Methodist church, but loves her none the less, and asks no better lot than to spend his days in the folds of fellowship. Like John, the beloved disciple, he lives in a sweet vision of the Father, and thereby becomes a priest to other souls. A sacramental power goes from the voice, the touch, the look of every one who is himself loving God. They are striving to bring the sweet rose and soft mullein from the decaying mountains of wood, and straw, and stubble that have been heaped up over the simple revelation of God that was made in Christ. They save the church from confounding with the substance the accidents of faith. Because it has been found out that the world was not made in six days, that no single flood drowned all nature, that history is not full, but an ever ascending order—is faith destroyed? They say no; no more than a building by an architect's removal of rotten underpinning to plant his structure on a ledge.

And they teach that although tormenting witch and enchanting fairy are gone, and not a few of our cherished forms and notions must follow, yet faith survives out of dissolving superstitions as the trees of last year's decaying leaves. There is nothing more painful to a sensitive, loving nature than the struggling for life of some fresh conviction out of the dear but worn-out schemes. Yet in the end happy is he by whose imagination in some new proverb it is voiced.

Lonely as the seer that sat astonished, or as John the Baptist in the wilderness, he will be for a time. But soon he will appear a forerunner one party would expel and another win.

As it is our destiny to live in this transition period, let us not lose our hold on the spirit of Christianity, but keep in a receptive condition, and let the spirit flow into all our work, thought, and life, then everything will be once more vitalized; then the Bible will become a new book, full of intense interest; nature will be new, being filled with God; and man become a new creature, with a new heaven and a new earth.

Atmospheres.

" 'Tis the old, old story; one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky,
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

All study of nature points to hidden powers disclosed only in their actions.

Science is continually opening our eyes to new manifestations of spirit; it accustoms us to the idea that

things may exist without making themselves known to any of our senses.

We are wont to speak of Moses's "burning bush" as a miracle unique in nature; but botanists say that every bush on earth is a burning bush; that through its every living cell fiery oxygen works all summer.

Whittier put good science in his poem when he called "yon maple wood" the "burning bush." And in certain processes the breath of fire becomes active enough to show its heat. In the sight of chemistry flowers are all fires, and there is one great genus which is well named phlox-flame. So there is an unseen atmosphere, a hidden flame. The reverent soul hears the God who called to Moses from the burning bush still calling from every calyx, declaring that though He be called a "consuming fire," yet to the deeper insight of the seer His fire does not consume, but creates a hidden atmosphere working through the vegetable world as the "breath of life."

So there is an atmosphere, a hidden power emanating from every human being. There are those whose atmosphere is of such subtle, penetrating sweetness we return to bask in it again and again. The good they do seems to radiate and enter the pores of the spirit, and to uplift in unknown ways the poor, degraded idea, of our lives. The secret of their help is not exuberance, but stillness and rest. Ever more and more their beautiful secret eludes analysis; it shines out of their eyes and lingers in the lovely smile irradiating their faces, making every touch and tone a benediction. What a wonderful power the mere presence of one soul has over another for good or evil.

Here is one who comes before you in a controversial spirit, and all combative qualities of your nature spring up to meet him. Here is another who invariably incites so much repugnance and disgust that you cannot endure his presence or draw an easy breath while he is near. And a third almost as constantly makes you angry if you are at all addicted to losing your temper. Still another awakens into life the passions which you hoped were dead, but which prove to have been only sleeping.

Others, again, draw nigh unto you in all the purity of their spirits, who live in the higher range of their being, and immediately the old thoughts and feelings which were governing you take a speedy flight. (We think if such souls would only remain how easy to lead a good life). You can not foretell what your presence and character may do for another until you know all the possibilities for good which are enfolded in his bosom.

We take up a shovelful of soil from under the forest trees where we are gathering ferns, and we see nothing in it—we plant no seed, we bring it home, and place it under a glass and where it feels the warm, moist air, and soon the soil begins to teem with life and send up shoots, vines, and mosses of whose existence we had not dreamed. And so you may take a human soul which seems just as barren of right desires and holy purpose and bring it near enough to feel the atmosphere of the genial light and warmth of another soul, and soon the hidden germs of goodness which had escaped your search will begin to expand, and turn the

flame from the fiery heart of Christendom. This man was but a misshapen dwarf who found his way into military service to Palestine and the Holy City, and came back roaring with the flame kindled by the sufferings of Christians whom he had seen in the hands of Moslems and by the power of unbelievers in the "City of David." He was very contemptible as an object, yet by the atmosphere of his presence, caused by the flame within, he aroused the north of Europe as by a whirlwind ; all Christendom sprang to the crusades, and waged the wars for a hundred years. Thus the soul, capable of fine and high excitement, creates a flame, though unseen, which kindles the feelings of others into swift life and rapidity of action.

Lessons of the Summer.

"We touch heaven," it is said, "when we lay our hand on a human body." Not only is that true, but far more than that, the whole globe is celestial. One of the infirmities we are ever allowing to creep upon us is the viewing of the discomfort of this present moment wholly with relation to ourselves. We fall into complaining and melancholy because we do not reach out with our vision to take in the larger purpose of things. How we murmur and complain at the intense heat which relaxes us in the summer time. We narrow our

horizon by our selfish discontent, thus shutting out all range of imagination, affection, or faith ; forgetting it is one of God's beneficent agencies in preparing the fruits of the earth by which we are to be fed and sustained. If the wonderful working of the summer in nature's laboratory were only audible to us, how it would impress us. If we could sit down in the orchard and listen to the sap working in the trees and throughout their thousand branches, swelling out the fullness of the apple, the pear, and the peach ; if we could lie down in the corn-field and audibly mark the earth's power passing upward through the stem to fill the ear and develop the ample grain ; if we could stretch ourselves on the garden bed and hear the strength starting from the dark and hidden soil below, and climbing upward from root to topmost branch to be developed in the ever new beauty of the rose ; had we the gift of acute hearing, how marvelous it would be to hear all that is going on in this heated summer time. Oh, yes, could we but see and hear the wonders that God our Father, the great husbandman, who is never weary, keeps in motion, how awe-struck we would be. Listen again to the lesson the earth gives us in the summer. The running stream, marking tracts of verdure and fruitfulness, typifying His constant activity. The waving fields lie before us, emblems of His bounty. The blooming garden speaks of the various and exhaustless beauty of the divine mind, for His pencil paints the whole.

Another lesson came to me as I stood upon a hill in the far West one day last summer ; as I looked abroad

I saw a village with its clustered dwellings, and the great sea with ships thereon ; cultivated farms, too, giving token of thrift and order, and the wild woods in the beautiful disorder of nature. Houses could be seen dotted among the farms, telling of human hearts and hands, and above all, of human homes. I could see the stream hurrying swiftly onward, eager to gain the great sea and go with it to wash the shores of another hemisphere, for it is God's free child, at home and glad in all lands. The tall ship mast in the distance out on the waters reminded us of other climes, and other men, and other interests, and other associations, more than we can name and number. The imminence and omnipresence of God came to me as it never did before. I saw in the sunlight shining on the clustered houses that God was there, lighting the village streets and homes that men may walk, and work, and enjoy. I saw in the motion of the great sea that God was there with His force rolling it onward. I saw in the forms, roofs, and spires that God was there gathering the solitary into families and communities, and worshipping congregations. Thus I saw in all things tokens of the Divine Omnipresence. And as I looked on that summer sun streaming in the fullness of his power and glory over city and village, and the country around, lighting up all windows, throwing his heat upon all fields, ripening all crops, and painting all gardens without partiality or exclusiveness, my soul received a lesson, grand and exalting — a lesson that the God of the summer is no partial or exclusive Deity, but a Father whose impartiality and benevolence comprehends all His

creatures. How large this theme is! There is not a natural object but might be made to minister to it. In the brightness of the summer day or the stillness of the summer night, as the voice of the thunder rolls in our ears, and the swift-winged lightning dazzles our eyes, are we not ready to say: "Lo, God is here; it is His voice, let us adore." The immanence of the spirit which is everywhere, not a far-off God, give to those who realize it a vision of divine enchantment. Mrs. Browning saw every bush ablaze with God. And in the beauty of a summer sunset, as the flaming orb sinks away amid an array of grandeur not to be described, lighting up hill and prairie, and all with a reflection of His own glory; in looking upon all this are we not moved to confession of divine presence in earth and air, and all around? The posture of the appreciating soul, then, is one of worship. The posture of the appreciating heart is, then, one of prayer. Do we fail of Him in our daily walk? Then beneath the trees of Eden we will not meet Him, for He is here, everywhere as there. Oh, friends, how can we walk with irreverent feet where every sod is holy ground.

"Lord, how in darkness can I see aright?
Child, all the universe I fill with light;
Be true within, and truth shall cleanse thy sight.

"More than all speech the silent order saith;
All laws of life are articles of faith;
Who loves and seeks for good, behold he prayeth."

— *Charles G. Ames.*

Lessons of the Drouth.

For many weeks the land has been afflicted (so it seems at least to our ignorance) by almost uninterrupted sunshine. The grass has been scorched ; the white clover blossoms, that never since my childhood bedecked the lawn with such beauty, are blasted with fever ; the fruits have shrunk ; the streams are dwindling brooks, and the ponds are dried to their springs by the insatiable sun ; the glorious promise of the early summer, pointing to full garners and cheap food, has died into the arid landscape of waste and destitution. We have longed to see the beauty of clouds, but scarcely any vapory spots have stained the heated helmet of the heavens ; we have prayed and looked for the storm-wind from the northwest to break the indigence of the sky. It seemed as though the earth was turning on its axis to be roasted by the sun. Day after day the heavens have been brass and the earth iron, the rain powder and dust. Can anything else than the sultry record of Joel describe it : "The seed is rotten under the clods, the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down, for the corn is withered. How do the beasts groan ! the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pastures, yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate."

Have we not been afflicted with constant sunshine ? If the dark clouds should gather and floods of rain burst over our parched earth, a chorus of devout joy

would rise to heaven from hearts, if not from lips, more grand than the written one in the oratorio of Elijah :
“Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land.”

What are the lessons the drouth suggests to us? First, it suggests to us the changes and extremes of the forces of nature, out of which our order and blessings are woven. A few years ago we had such continuous rains we wondered if God had forgotten us, and when the clouds dispersed and the sun appeared no Parsee ever felt more joyous for its beams, and we did not so much marvel at their worship of the sun. There is nothing rigid in the physical government of the world, but easy, graceful, full of play — the harmony of constant alternation. We cannot prophesy weather and temperature as we can eclipses and the speed of the earth in its orbit. Yet the average of moisture and of heat is kept remarkably constant every year. The rain seems to flow by chance; the light and gloom, the warmth and frost do not fall in the same degree on the same days or weeks; and yet its turn-out year by year in the same districts are almost as twins as to temperature and fertility. With how subtle a skill must law be interwoven by the Great Spirit into the world, when the very frolic of the elements is order, and the gambols of the winds and frosts, light and vapor, which no science can further and foretell, are the pulses of a vast invaluable harmony! Is there not this wildness and waywardness in the earth's order, this apparent wandering of each element “at its own sweet will” that the religious sense might be swept and stimulated by it, that a benevo-

lent mystery might always swathe the sportive beauty of the world? To see annual order in days of chance, the expression of intelligent goodness gleaming out of the volatile caprices of natural force—is not this the lesson for our spirits to learn? And that we might have the joy of so living that faith might have the quality of poetry in it—is not this perhaps one reason why we are not set in a world whose order is mechanical, capable of forever flowing dull and regular as the machine of a mill? And once in a while the extreme of oscillation is touched, as the present drouth; and nature pauses there for awhile, as if to show us for a moment how awful it would be if chance were the ruler—if we did not have a latent confidence that the energies of nature are held by a will that is friendly to our race. And if the anxiety with which the farmers of the country have looked into the sky for two months past, the prayers they have offered in heart for rain, the sadness with which they have seen the corn wither and the grass grow fallow could deepen permanently the sense of dependence and ingrain the habit of reference to God, so that hereafter showers should seem to be poured from his urns, and the alternation of sun and cloud be felt as His handiwork, the great loss sustained by blighted harvests would be unworthy of thought; if by that it would insure confidence that the world is well made and well managed; that it is a music box with no more minor notes than a perfect art requires. Nature is all benefits and blessings. All her dragons of drouth and storm, or whatever they may be, look they never so rough, are to be mounted

and ridden to a purpose. Everything is for the best that is a native belonging to the universe.

“ Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs ; for shadow or for sun,
For cold or heat, for want as wealth alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is.”

Joy will be found in sharing the spirit and method of the world, and not playing at cross purposes ; in accepting and obeying the high dictations from headquarters, and pushing aside our little caprices and whims. He is happy who happily obeys, and like the good rider who rises and falls gracefully with his horse, or the good seaman who rolls with his rolling ship, for from the grain of dust to the soul, and the seraph, and the Supreme, there reaches the kingdom and sway of law, and a foregone decision, perfect as geometry, or as Infinite love, how affairs shall proceed to the end of peace and gladness. The right tracks are laid. The engines are happy hits, with all the gearings made to order. And the command has gone forth, and goes forth evermore, to enter here and advance and be glad. And will we go *that* way? It is through a boundless paradise, and we shall sing peans out of full hearts. Or will we go *another*? It will be through an infernum, and our music shall be a long and bitter wail. And yet there is after all a vein of the irresistibly comic about grumbling ; that is possibly the secret of our affection for it, since like comedy it involves the ludicrous—as of our daily exclamations when we greet each other : “ What will become of us?” “ Everything is ruined by the drouth !” “ Our well is dry !

plants and vegetables all scorched !” “ It is terrible !” “ It will make times hard !” Notwithstanding all this grumbling we go on pleasure trips, entertain friends, and except from our constant complaints there is no change in our living from the effects of the drouth. It is a pastime of perversities, and not a case of pity ; and even if it were so, and our land impoverished by the drouth, the poorest man in history, as we well remember, still talked of “ my peace ” and “ my joy,” for his life was full and rich, and could not be distracted by events. The universe is no game of chance, but the unity and sequences are perfect. It is not our business to complain, but to obey ; and in obedience we shall surprise and capture the secret of contentment.

The Secret Power.

It has been said, whether in poetry or science it matters not, that there is a certain point in the air in which all the discordant sounds of the earth — the rattle of wheels, the chime of bells, the roll of the drum, the laugh of a child, the moan of a beggar, meet and blend in perfect harmony. Surely it is something more than a poetical conceit. There is an Olympus in every human soul, a serene region high above the strata where struggle, and sorrow, and passion abide, a region unshaken by storms.

True feeling hates sham, and number, and noise ; it seeks seclusion. Our malady is profession and parade. In our political meetings we carry torches, wave banners, shout, and talk ourselves hoarse, and to what purpose? Are we children, to be convinced by all this show? We make so much noise in our churches that we have no chance for the reply. Why not bow in silence a portion of the time, listening to what the inward voice is trying to say. The Infinite is what I whisper to, not with my lips. Did you ever sit in a room with one in whom you had close sympathy and think you heard them speak? That was the secret power. In the childhood of the race we do not wonder that they received instruction from the pagan tripods, the Urim and Thummim ; but now the pagan tripods are broken, Urim and Thummim are a dead language, and the ark and tabernacle are laid away in the garret of men's minds. And yet we have not outgrown our childhood, else why all this running and parade? We are all the time doing ; we all fill up time somehow, if it be only, as it often enough is, to tangle up the skein of our lives with the hurry of winding.

If we float in the mere stream of details, even of what is called doing good, we are mere running streams, not persons at all. How men stand on tiptoe and strain to get their eyes above the heads in a crowd ! How they sweat and toil to beat in the arena or distance in the race. Does anybody in your circle desire to lead? Let him not communicate that itch to you ! Of all the gifts distributed among human beings, the least to be coveted is the positive genius some dispu-

tative persons have for making everybody unhappy. Egotism abounding, all devouring, coveting of place and priority, loving to lead, alone hinders the divinity. As Victor Hugo said: "Napoleon with his ambition annoyed God."

Doubtless we must work as well as wait, but there is no work like subduing our selfish will. All aristocracy is shoddy, and a little ridiculous and laughable, considering how plain and simple true greatness is always, and how democratic and accessible. It is always ignorance, and never wisdom, that swells and pretends. We are only great when off guard. The minister's prayer is then prayer and draws earth and heaven together when he loses self and is so filled with the spirit that he is only a mouthpiece. The orator never deals plainly with his subject till with his heart he has melted and dissolved himself. When Whitefield begged charity with his whole being frantic, misers were lucky in not having their whole estate to throw into the contribution box. Aflame with an idea, Peter the hermit melted Europe into the frenzy of consent and drew on the crusades.

We weary of dullness, but a fullness of better emotion breeds contentment; and we should stay where such inspiration abounds. What is so stupid as the first half hour of a social circle, or a reading club, while self-consciousness and vanity hold their sway, but rub down the pride and vanity and give the real life a chance, and what fine feats of joy and grace will follow. If people are hungry to know the secrets of life, it quickens so all around them. And if two or

three are gathered together in any earnest work the secret power is right in the midst of them.

Every reform and regeneration begins not with the selfish and cruel multitude, but with a few like-minded, blest in their common faith with a little sympathy that becomes a contagion, till whole continents are the measures of the meal it leavens. When a zealot declared, at much length, the possibility of perfection, a good woman said: "Do you think there are excellent people who say nothing about it?" The devoutest worship never had speech or shrine, because what is unseen, unspoken, is the genius of divinity. I am grateful to the evangelist, but he is superceded when the order comes within. The Quaker sits in silent awe awaiting the spirit's power. The man who, insulted or injured, has no resentment or revenge is not wholly here with you, but hidden "in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

God pitches his tent not only in heaven but in the human heart; and into it is our blessed, ever ready, and final escape. As a child runs from strangers to hide its head in its mother's gown, we seek in all trouble the unfolding of an unseen robe, and, if a joint experience be the staff of which it is woven, we learn how sweet a song common sorrow sings.

"ALMIGHTY LOVE.

" Love holds me in the hollow of His hand,
And bids me try
To pierce the dark that He alone hath spanned,
And reach the sky.

" Love holds me in the hollow of his hand,
And bids me sing,
While chanting stars and rushing worlds withstand
My murmuring.

" Love bids me in the hollow of His hand
At peace to be,
Content that what I fail to understand
Is best for me.

" I sing my song, I struggle, hope, or rest ;
He bends above ;
My frail wings own for their unshaken nest
Almighty love."

— *Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

Waiting Beneficence.

Go abroad upon the paths of nature, and when all the voices whisper, and its silent things are breathing the deep beauty of the world, kneel at its simple altar, and the God who hath the living waters shall be there.

There is an unutterable softness and glimmering beauty in these first autumnal days. Tender zephyrs, caressing as the kiss of love, is wafted from flower-girt beds laden with sweet odor. Nature is the divine expression of pure joy. Why then should we long for a change of air and scenery, when surrounded by such loveliness? This is the cause, when we turn to humanity we come at once among shadows mingled with the lights. And human society is our normal environment.

Sole environment it should not be. He deeply misses who does not often seclude himself alone with nature. The more serviceable, the more sympathetic may be one's life among men the greater is his need to drink deep and often of the pure fountain of beauty and peace, which no human troubles disturb. We seek too constantly to give, forgetting that to receive is just as necessary. The heart must open itself to infinite love, must lie passive sometimes, must quietly, reverently, lovingly drink. The same meed that causes the artist "to seek green fields and pastures new" exists with many women, though they may not possess the artist's gift. Their lives are fashioned upon artistic principles.

An inharmony or misunderstanding hurts like a blow, and the pain caused by the constant dwelling on the loss of harmonious conditions grows intolerable. The same windows to look out of, and the same things to see, the over and overness of daily duties, even the sight of the same faces and round of the same voices grow so monotonous that a change of condition is absolutely necessary before the last twist is given to the overtaxed and quivering nerves. Some of the worst cases of nervous prostration have been caused by the endless care and repetition of things. When many things in our relation to society seem in a tangle and an establishment becomes a tread-mill it is time to leave it for some one else to manage. A few weeks upon the mountains or on the sea shore will often, yes, almost always, straighten out the worst nerve snarl. It seems indescribable that one ever should have been so rasped and demoralized. That odious, aggravating, humdrum

round of housekeeping is odious no longer. It will be such a pleasure to go back and work for the dear ones again. A heavenly peace has descended upon the perturbed spirit, the direct and beneficent result of communion with dear old mother nature, whose arms are strong and tender, and who is always ready to help and soothe her weary children.

There is no doubt that change of air and scene is more necessary to some temperaments than to others. Here and there are natures so calm, so equable, so thoroughly in harmony with their surroundings that the beaten track suffices from the cradle to the grave.

The fever which comes from the friction of life, the ennui born of monotony, are quite beyond the comprehension of these calm and consistent individuals. "Our grandmothers did not think it necessary to go to Europe or the sea shore because the mercury was not satisfactory." Such a one said to us: "A wife's place is at home." "Very true," would say some conscientious and sensitive wife and mother. Such a one finds her highest happiness in perpetual ministrations. "Why should I shirk from my duty?" And so the weary housekeeper, hungering and thirsting for a breath of sea air and a glimpse of everlasting hills, forces herself to imitate the habit of one as antipodal in nature as are the habits of the mole and the humming birds. There is no doubt this generation is suffering from the overwork of our mothers and grandmothers. They used up all their muscular and nerve force, and so we are defrauded of the vitality we should have possessed had these people been wise as well as

pushing and saving. They were very industrious, but they were all very foolish. What a shame it is to sacrifice sweet and helpful nature to the twin Molochs — monotony and mistaken duty. The everlasting hills are waiting to speak peace to the troubled soul. The ocean, with a separate mood for each lover, brings healing with every billow tossed upon the shore. Why should inharmony prevail with unfailing beneficence so near?

The Forward Look.

“ Forward, brothers! away! a storm is nigh!
Smite we the wing up a steeper sky!
What matters the hail or the clashing winds —
The thunder that buffets, the lightning that blinds?
We know by the tempest we do not lie
Dead in the pits of eternity.”

If we were seeking a single rule for a happy and progressive life, we could not find a better than this: “ Let your thought be not of what might have been, but of what may be.” In the Greek legend, Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus was fatally bitten by a serpent and carried down to Hades. There Orpheus sought her with his golden lyre, with his music putting to sleep the three-headed watch-dog, Cerberus, and softening inexorable Pluto to consent to her release. The consent, however, was upon this condition, that Orpheus was to lead forth Eurydice, not turning to look upon her until

they had regained the upper world. But Orpheus could not abide by this condition. He turned to look back upon his wife, and beheld her snatched away from him forever into the realms of darkness. So those who would regain their old fair lives out of Hades must do it by looking forward, not back. The Hebrew story of Lot's wife points us to the same conclusion. If our past is a consuming Sodom, it is best for us to hasten away from it without a single petrifying backward look. Consider the life of a man like Agassiz, filled with an enthusiastic desire to know all the secrets of nature. Nothing was too minute in her works to interest him, for everything was significant. How happy he was in looking forward in his researches for her secrets.

At one end of the scale of human existence stands the blase man of the world, to whom nothing seems of much importance. At the other end is a man like Agassiz, to whom everything that has been made has a meaning. Thus he lives in a world in which he sees nothing insignificant. How often we brood over our past misdeeds, turning them over or pulling them up by the roots (as was my habit in childhood after I had planted flower seeds, to see if they were growing) instead of looking forward to higher possibilities. What's done is done; let us have the forward look. We all have sinned; let us forget it. Our Father is merciful and forgiving. All possible cheer, zest, and interest in life are ahead. Conscience will beat melodiously with every ticking of the watch if we face squarely around and do right. I am reminded to-day

of God's forgetfulness in the new fallen snow, covering the impurities and blemishes of the earth with a redeeming and transfiguring mantle. It is nearing the glad springtime, which is better yet, when barren, soggy fields grow radiant with color and green with promise; when a million flowers ring their gentle bells upon a thousand branches, and the rejoicing bleat and lowing of His creatures are heard again upon the hills. Aye, best of all, it is the regeneration from death perfected in fields heavy with grain, and grape and orchards and vineyards propped with their fruitfulness. It is the obliteration of winter and sin, the reaching upward toward the sky. Forget disaster. No amount of wailing can avert what has happened. There is only impoverishment to the blood and break-up for moral and mental nerve in recalling them again and again. Let the dead bury their dead. We are alive; let us energize the future. While the bricks were hot from the smouldering fire of our opera-house plans for rebuilding rose in the minds of the owners, like phoenix. To-day the telegraph flashes the news of a shipwreck; to-morrow in some ship-yard the keel is laid and the ribs carved for a new craft. The tongue of the serpentine fire, the bubbles of the mighty ocean, are put beneath man's feet. The tree whose life is strong extracts virtue not only from the soft falling rain and from the summer sun, but from the hail and hurricane. Nothing overcomes it.

I saw once in Indiana a young larch whose seedling had been crushed by a huge stone, but it had pushed its way sidelong to the upper air, and, growing across

the stone, had sent down two other side rootlets to the ground, so that from a triplet root which clasped the stone its single column rose a conqueror. It was the forward look of the moral power manifesting its vigor in bending untoward circumstances into means of strength — nay, even playing with trial so as to make it into a strange beauty. A stone drops on our life and buries it. Men say, "Alas, he is crushed," and they forget. But a few years after they pass and the child of God has arisen and shoots upward with three-fold power, not having lost the trial, but gripping it with the roots of his nature and forcing it into a conquered service. We must reach forth to action. The busy man or woman is not likely to be the sinful one. Our early primers taught us that. There is no better way of satisfying our souls than by doing. Our mother, as her family one by one left the homestead or passed into the invisible world, would turn to her busy, careful life in the old rooms they were born and grew up, and and out of which they were married — those who were married, buried out of, those who died — going on with her manifold cares, never halting with her grief, but going on hushed, hanging no flag out, making no sign. To my undisciplined mind it was marvelous. I felt like rushing out at the doors to proclaim my grievance or protest against the careless comfort riding by. There is one work, one force, one result for us ; God is in all. Talented violinists tell of the seasoned, mellowed violin, moved only to truest harmony, chording only with high flights, thrilling, vibrating only with the rhythmic movements of the soul. This is not mere

fancy. Plastic material is chargeable with the spirit of man as a Leyden jar with electricity. This world, bye and bye, will be to man as a noble, harmonious instrument in a master's hand. In the early stages of man's growth he moaned like the wind, howled like the tiger, sobbed like the sea. Now great cathedral organs chant his aspirations ; the world awaits its transfiguration ; the wand of the enchanter is in man's hand alone. The ardor of a man is a mercury which does not freeze. Plant the little bulb of a human heart in the center of a Greenland iceberg, and even there it will put forth some shoots and feel after the light. Behold Kane, Ross, Greeley, and others. As we call their names each stands out in solitary beauty, glittering like the north star. Even in death it is a foreordained conqueror ; time is nothing to it. As a million little creatures make the chalk cliffs of Albion, so a million years will make the white heights of the soul's eternity.

An Autumn Ride.

“ When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold ;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster's on the wold ;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold.

" When the chestnut-burrs are opened
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail,
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

" Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear.
She is near me in the autumn;
She, the beautiful, is near."

—*Bayard Taylor.*

A ride through the country a few days ago brought to my vision a panorama of beauty. The frost had lighted the flames of the maples, the red and golden hues were blended by the smoke and haze of Indian summer, in dreamy contrast to the darkness of other trees. The country homes and fields were glorified with variegated hues of ripening foliage, flowers, and plants.

The waysides were resplendent with golden-rod and asters. I was subdued by the glory, my heart was full, my lips silent. I mused upon the mysteries and shadows of life; the leaves were falling, the trees would soon be bare, the grass, fruit, and flowers gone forever. No more of the thousand forms of animation and beauty which fill the air, water, and land in the long summer days. The melody of birds hushed, the royal richness of the autumnal days gone. Winter was coming on apace. When we look toward winter from the last borders of autumn it seems as if we

could not encounter it, and as if it never would go over. So does threatened trouble of any kind seem to us as we look forward upon its miry ways from the last borders of the pleasant green sward on which we have been walking.

But each has its own alleviation, and very marvelously does the healthy mind fit itself to the new circumstances, and, if bravely met, a thousand ministrations of nature and life will come with gentle comfortings. Across a dark verdureless field will blow a wind through the heart of winter which will make in the mind not a memory merely, but a prophecy of spring, with a glimpse of crocus and primrose. These thoughts came to me as I wended my way homeward upon the eventful and memorable year that was nearing the anniversary of the time when a heroic and helpful soul had dropped out of this earthly ministry of service and sacrifice. How our love pursues the lost ones with eager questions. Do we not stand here as children in a world which is one vast mystery to us? From what vast country did our souls make their pilgrimage that we find ourselves encompassed here in this vale of sunshine and sadness? We close our eyes in death upon the mystery out of which we came. The same great unknown confronts us in our last as lay back of us in our first moments.

We see the operation of a wonderful power putting forth its life in the grass under our feet, in the sunny glories of the autumnal days, in the mountains and boundless ocean, in the living creatures that inhabit the earth, and sea, and air; and we in a vague way feel

ourselves related to this vast power, know ourselves as one with it, as agents of its purpose. And yet we know not ourselves or the future. A day at a time is given us. In silence it comes to us from the east; in silence it departs from us into the west. Although we long to unravel the mystery of life's shadows, can we not see that it is well for us that we cannot?

The deepening mystery is the fascination that draws us on into the investigation of all phenomena, and the acquainting of all sciences.

That unfathomable shade about our life is what ennobles and consecrates it to us even in its meanest phases. It is the perpetual source of hope — prophetic shadow of glorious things to come. It is that which humbles our self-sufficiency and makes us stretch up our trembling hands through the darkness, seeking the hand of the Almighty, that there grasping it we may be lifted up and strengthened. And so it becomes a shadow of comfort and consolation.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," the shadow of loving wings that tenderly fold us about. As in darkened cages birds are taught to sing, so in these shadows of sorrow and temptation we learn the song of the spirit.

Oh! fellow workers on life's highway, together let us be more to each other than we have been before, more loving, more helpful as the years go on.

Every life has its trials, every soul its Gethsemane. Ours are not the exceptions. Trial is needful to us as well as success. Strength is born therein — strength to do and to bear all that may await us here. Only let us look up, let us be brave, and the victory will be ours.

Restless Travel.

Do we sometimes wonder how our ancestors endured their life of toil, so destitute of much that the modern world calls recreation ; so seldom a " turn " in all their prosy lives? But if the horizon was narrower in the olden time, does not the new order expose us to something harmful? Is it always to freshen and renew, and enjoy nobly that we put off the home and its dear belongings? We go among the grand old mountains gathering their strength into our souls, finding in their morning and evening glories a foretaste of the immortal splendor, or we spend our time in flashy parlors gossiping about innocent, unconscious people, laughing at the simple men and women who violate our pet conventionalities and live on the lowest plane of our ordinary lives. We would not imply that one gets no benefit from change if not strung to heroic moods or filled with the poet's diviner raptures. There is surely blessedness in pleasant intercourse with kindly people in hotel parlors. One may take in mountain and gossip, too, if it be not the baser gossip that mars or wounds or falsifies its subject. It is good to turn away from the familiar life sometimes, even when it is not dreary and oppressive, and have a season with unfamiliar scenes and people. But there certainly is a great deal of travel that is mere restlessness — a toil and vain seeking — going because it is " the thing to do ; " spending on the far-away, unsatisfying the

strength and vision that might grasp and drink in the nearer glory. But do we not all know men and women living quietly, in one sense narrowly, who have more of Europe and the Orient mirrored in their souls than the majority of talking tourists—people who know familiarly and lovingly the “hallowed ground where souls of worth” were born and gave utterance to their inspired word or performed their immortal deed? It is well to remember extensive and varied travel is not an essential condition for catholicity of taste and sympathy. And whether we cross the ocean in stately ships, or join in some brief holiday excursion to neighboring stream or hilltop, let none forget to take the broad, helpful human spirit with him. Let the poor, who go meagerly and from deeper necessities than fashion or taste creates, see no cold or stately traveler, but only a sweet and helpful human presence making all travel for themselves and fellows an onward journey to the “Home Beautiful.”

Going Back.

A few weeks ago I set forth to revisit the scenes of my childhood—a tour more sacred, and more favorable to the cultivation of the devout spirit than any ecclesiastical pilgrimage made since the world began. When David longed, and said: “Oh, that one would

give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," he expressed in concrete form the sentiment out of which has grown all that is best in religion and social life. That which makes the pure, cold water of one unfailing spring better than another to a wayworn, weather-beaten man of the world, when he longs for a drink from the old well by the gate, is something that escapes the analysis of the chemist. To the thirst of the body is added the longing of the weary soul. Happy are we if we can turn for refreshment to the sources whence our childhood drew its experiences of affection and confidence.

Going back to the home of childhood after many years' absence is an experience bringing many surprises fraught with both the bitter and the sweet. Absorbed in cares, the past and its memories have been not exactly forgotten, perhaps, but overlaid — temporarily hidden. Possibly we had come to think a little patronizingly of the dear old village as a small remote place, decidedly behind the march of progress in the dashing, rushing west, a part of whose bustle and importance we now feel ourselves. The first surprise was to realize the strong, undying hold the old place had on me. No other place ever is or can be what it is. I felt akin to the very soil. It seemed a part of me, and I of it. What long-forgotten feelings awakened to life again! How many associations, sometimes sad, sometimes humorous, but even then not untinged with the pensive light of "long ago!" How trees, rocks, hills, brooks, yes, even the rail-fences along the country road, talked fondly of the olden time! Driving along

the old National road, and through the Tuber bridge over White river, I was half tempted to astonish the friend by my side by crying out: "Oh, invisible to you, spirits many have crossed with me." Under the touch of old memories how the dear ones who had so often crossed and re-crossed the bridge came flocking around me! The dear home with its long, double porch was old-fashioned enough, but I would not exchange its memories for any amount of modern improvements, for notwithstanding all its plainness to the outward eye, what wealth of beauty and what treasures of memory are gathered around it to my inward vision! It was built by the hands of our ancestor, who long since finished life's toil and went out of it into the house not made with hands, and left the expression of his character and the monument of his skill and sacrifice.

It seems but yesterday we saw him lying dead in his favorite room, while the beautiful April day, with its soft air and bright sunshine, seemed to mock the dark, lonely thoughts within. Here is the window out of which I used to lean, summer evenings, long ago, watching the white moonlight on silent wood and hill, as I dreamed the preposterous dreams of youth, thought the "long, long thoughts." In that east room I dressed for the wedding that was to take me away into an unknown world and experiences, while Mary, the dear sister and companion of my youth, who was an incarnation of cheer, trust, and hope, although the shadow of the coming separation was hovering over her, yet playfully helped me in my selfish bewilder-

ment of tears. Sorrow with her had become transfigured, and that which was shadow was shot through with a brightness which always helped to make her life a song. She fled all too soon to the summer land of the soul. Nevermore can we receive her sunny greetings here. Strong, subtle, indescribable are the influences that press in upon me. However dear and beautiful other places may have grown, I realize full well that no spot on earth will ever be to me what this is. Here I was young, here the roots of my being struck deep into the soil, and whether I will or not, this place is a part of my being forevermore. I must always be what its influence helped me to become. I never can eradicate its hold on my being ; when all else of life has faded from the dying brain these memories will be uneffaced, the deepest impressions of the vanished past.

I am surprised to see how much older every one has grown ; how faces that were keen, alert, have taken on deep wrinkles ; how heads have whitened ; how slow have grown steps I remember brisk and vigorous. I feel for those friends so suddenly, preternaturally aged, as it seems to me, a compassion not untouched with condescension. But one day something in the manner of an old friend, perhaps the very eagerness of his assurance that "you have not changed at all ; you look so well, hold your own so well," suggests to my mind the marvelous suspicion that he thinks I have grown old ; that I am the person who shows time's ravages, while he remains the same. Absurd idea ! I pity his self-delusion, and yet as I contemplate my semblance

in the mirror with newly-opened vision an irresistible conviction steals over me that he is right. It isn't the face of many years ago. I come to think more of it, though, and am not wholly unreconciled, for the wrinkleless, characterless faces sometimes seen on persons of mature years do not excite our envy, but wrinkles left by brave struggles with hardship and sorrow etch upon even plain faces the high beauty of a noble character.

In many ways am I confronted in the old home by this novel, unpleasant sense of change. Houses from whose doors and windows dear, well-remembered faces always used to greet my coming, with whose every nook I have happy associations, are in strange hands now, the old inmates scattered, gone, dead. Great is the void, the sense of chill and emptiness where once were love, warmth, friendly welcome. Then they are improving the village; new houses everywhere going up; the old ones coming down. I am often asked with honest local pride if I do not think the village greatly improved, and fear the faint-heartedness of my feigned appreciation will condemn me as the conservative old foggy I half fear I must be growing. But they are improving my village all away; a few more years of the devastation of improvement and few, indeed, will be the landmarks left. Once I knew every man, woman, and child in the village. I still encounter an "oldest inhabitant" who calls me by my first name, and always will, in whose eyes I will always enjoy a perpetual youth, be one of "our girls," but strange faces predominate on the streets. The children have grown up

and married, and do not even know me. Any slight void left in church or social life by my departure has evidently long since closed up. My old world gets on quite comfortably without me, and "other kings have arisen that knew not Joseph." All these experiences of change gave me an uncomfortable realization of the transitoriness of all earthly relations and interests, the slight consequence of one little life in the aggregate.

Must I, then, acquiesce in the sentiment of the old hymn that I always resented, in the self-confidence of youth, as altogether too doleful and saddening?

" Like shadows gliding oe'r the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone."

In wiser mood, however, I realize that the lesson of this somewhat melancholy going back is to go on. Love the past, cherish its memories, be thankful for all we owe to it, but go on. Before us lies the future, the future of this life, full of possibilities to earnest endeavor, and the greater future beyond. Every day we put a part behind us. May it not be a weight about our necks, but a stepping-stone from whose vantage we shall go on to a fuller life, a larger hope, a brighter youth of the spirit, that perennial youth known only to souls thoroughly alive in their highest faculties. Such souls find each year more to do, to know, to enjoy in God's glorious world, even to the end, when all life shall finally be only a childish past whence we go on forever.

Growing Old.

“ Dear Master, tell us then why in your tongue and pen
No sign of age appears ?
For all you say and sing has made the music and the ring
Of only twenty years !

“ Your soul will still be bright, though your hair may turn to white ;
And, when shall come that hour,
Your loving friends will say, ‘ ’Tis only a spring day,
With the almond tree in flower !

“ ‘ ’Tis not whitened by his years, nor by the bitter tears
Of sad and stormy hours ;
But by the morning dew, falling ever fresh and new
On the flowers.’ ”

— *Alfred De Musset.*

I know a woman, very plain, plain to ugliness. She is old ; she is single ; she has hardly had anything in her life an outsider would consider desirable, and yet that life of her's is a song. It is a gloria from day to day, because she has entered into such relations of service with others that she is conscious every day that she is of use in the world, that she is a part of the divine plan of things. She hears utterances of gratitude ; she sees tears of gratitude from the eyes of those she has made easier, fairer, and brighter. The question is, does the world grow poorer and more commonplace as we grow older ? No ; a thousand times, no ! if only we keep our minds receptive to the highest thoughts, to the needs and wonders of the living world around us. The moment the vision of something still

to be attained and accomplished has fled we have become old, whether we are seventeen or seventy. When there is nothing more to live for ; when the habit of routine is all that remains ; when nature and life seem exhausted ; when there is no new course of thought and no new line of action opening up before us, and our hearts no longer beat in glad response to some appeal to a higher life and larger duty — then we may still mark time, but we do not march forward. Our bodies may move, but our souls are torpid. For to live is to move on toward the realization of some vision of the soul.

Men have been trying for ages to learn the secret of perpetual youth. But it is by every one who still has some vision of the soul to lead him on.

“Always young for liberty,” said Channing, and every man or woman is young who sees in his or her life some ideal to make real by the might that lies in him or her.

What a perpetual youth was that of William Cullen Bryant, whose sense of the true and beautiful never waned, who, writing “*Thanatopsis*” at eighteen, wrote “*The Flood of Years*” at eighty. And many others I might mention — Browning, Whittier, Gladstone, Hugo, and Longfellow.

The receptive, active spirit keeps us young because it gives us that sense of joyous expectation which always belongs to youth when it is unspoiled.

The greatest destitution in any age is the scarcity of moral heroes.

A good sample have I of one in our own household, fraternal in word or deed, with ear to catch the music

beneath all jars of fate. He does not chafe in any sphere, or shirk and run, but bravely plans and gives for the uplifting of other lives. What does he know of growing old who has the power of imparting life and happiness to so many others.

I was calling the other day on a friend ; she was surrounded by all that worldly success could procure. In the course of conversation she remarked on this miserable world, where there was nothing now for her but old age to look forward to. She had no great, inspiring purpose in life. I know she may have had many things to vex and trouble, but I do not believe she is half so miserable as she thinks she is. / The fact is, they who have no great troubles to battle with are apt to exaggerate the little vexations of life. Let a person have nothing more to do than keep the flies out of the house and she will get into such a state of mind that the presence of one fly in the sitting-room will seem an overwhelming calamity. / But let a person be engaged in some great matter, and small annoyances are brushed aside and forgotten.)

Such a person may know the great joy of conflict and achievement. One of the sweetest things in all the world to me is to see some old man or woman with just as keen a curiosity for any new truth that God is sending down to us as they were sixty or seventy years ago.

There are certain things that come only with years — a ripe knowledge, a calmer judgment, a deeper trust. Are these nothing? Then a sifting of friendship goes on. We discover the hearts that can stand the test of

years. The circle perhaps is a little smaller, but more and more precious does it grow. One thing indeed is sad, and that is to see one and another of their chosen ones go ; for, though we may get new friends, I think it is true as we grow older that new ones never take the place in the heart. They, like sacred shrines, still hold the precious images of the vanished ones. But if they are not really lost we can learn lovingly to wait until the eyes gladden with greetings again. Friends, let us not grow old ! There is danger in growing old that our brains may grow weary, our interests narrow, and our minds harden. But this is no necessary accomplishment of age ; rather we ought to be like rivers, that widen as they near the sea and carry ever on their bosoms more of the business and pleasures of the great world.

I know some who are called old who are so young in their sympathies, so fresh in their interests in all that is being done, so youthful with young people that their very presence is a joy and an inspiration. I hope I shall grow old that way or not at all. Old age is but a mask. Let us not call the mask the face. Is the acorn old because its cup dries and drops from its hold ? At every stage we must meet with the unexpected, the untried ; we must enter new paths, face new scenes, and deal with new problems. But that belongs to the programme of our glorification. For at every stage we shall also learn that all the yesterdays were preparations for to-day, and that every work bravely done brings strength for more. Then we shall know that the growth and decay of our bodies, as well

as the perpetual renewal of our spirits, must keep step with the procession of nature, and belongs to the divine order of the universe.

The horizon will widen around us, the sky will deepen above us, we shall live more largely and in a larger world — the world of God and man.

“ The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.”

Silent Forces.

Huxley has said that if we could hear the forces at work within the trees of a forest it would be like the roar of a great city ; and in the Norse legend Heimdahl had hearing so keen that he could hear the grass growing. But all these mightiest forces do their work so silently that their processes are hidden from our dull ears, and we are prone to forget how great and how persistent they are. It has been computed that the dynamic power of the roots of the trees and grass by which they are sucking up moisture, which is to be sap, that the chemical solvent power which they have on undissolved mineral matter, that their actual dynamism in a single acre of meadow land is greater

than all the power of all the engines which have been created by man on the face of the earth. I sit in my room by an upper window and look down upon the flower-beds below and wonder at first thought why year by year they are growing less luxuriantly, but when I lift my eyes to the tall trees reaching above my window, I know that this power is being exerted, and that by it the roots are plowing deeper and deeper underneath the flowers, drawing away the very life out of the soil for their own nutriment as they grow higher and higher. I know there is a vast growth going on, but I cannot see it or hear it. We speak thoughtlessly of empty space. If any one could picture to us what is going on in an inch of space at every moment of time, we would fall on our knees in adoration. Through every square inch of space, at every moment of time, in all these millions of years, there is throbbing the power of gravitation that holds the planets in their places, and millions of wave movements in a second of time are rushing with a speed that to us is breathless through this empty square inch of space, pulsations that carry heat, that carry light, that carry sound, that carry all these marvelous forces that bind the universe together. All these millions of pulsations, whose rapidity is utterly inconceivable, are crossing and recrossing this inch of empty space at every instant of time, in every conceivable direction, and never collision or confusion anywhere. Oh, this blind walking in the midst of glory! We are such poor, little letter-bound creatures, thinking only of sunrise and sunset; not learning even what our own day is to us, of which the

earth movement, the shine, and the shadow, are only the types and the correspondence. When we live true days, then shall we know more and more of the everlasting wonders of God's own mighty silences that are patiently keeping their holy secret of law for them who will seek for it with all their souls. The harmony of heaven thrills the hands of the Great Musician, and he plays in mute astonishment the music which comes, he knows not how. Who made these songs? They were never made at all, they grew; they fell out of the air; they fly all over the land like thistledown, here and there, and are sung in a thousand places at once. We find our own suffering and striving in these songs; it is as if we had helped to make them. Those are the sounds of nature. They slept in the dells of the forests. God knows who waked them. The poet hushes himself as he reads the words he has uttered, for he knows they were created above himself. Sometimes I tremble when it comes suddenly upon me, to think how much is going on and how little I know about it. Structures are being built without the sound of the hammer; fine things are being evolved out of the coarse things; to think what wings may be fanning the air all around us! And I stand in the summer light and look until I become, as it were, a thought, rather than a being. Am floating in immensity, drawn by noiseless steeds in a noiseless chariot, journeying through spaces unknown to philosophy, to ends unchosen by reason. How many and many a time I have made such excursions and come back, not as I went, but laden with a mystic wisdom, as bees with honey. How foolish our complaint

that "the days are never long enough since there is so much to do." The best things are done not by us. The better half of all that goes on in our most active hours is constantly carried on by unseen powers in unknown ways, and when we seem to be merely resting, are we not undergoing repairs? Who does not know that his wisest thoughts and richest inspirations come all unsought, and when the faculties are "gathered in inward silence?" So is the deep wisdom of the Quaker vindicated by every sweet visitation of silent watching.

"For far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach,"

Concentration.

That "knowledge is power" is but a partial and imperfect expression of a great truth. The strange magnetic power by which mind acts on mind is yet but faintly understood; is mysterious and inexplicable. The fact is obvious that the world is ruled by mental power.

There are intellectual as well as physical forces. A strong mind coming in contact with a weaker will as

naturally move it as a strong force in the material world will overcome a weaker, and yet knowledge is not power unless wielded by one who knows how to use and apply it. A man may have read the contents of the largest library in Christendom, and his memory be the treasure-house of all the facts in science, and yet be comparatively a weak man, who may pass through the world and die without permanently changing the course of any individual.

Indigestion is a disease as frequent in man's mental as in his physical nature. No matter how much food a man takes into his stomach, it is only what he digests that renews his strength and gives him power. A principle cannot be taken into his mind and properly digested without intense thought. A mere acquaintance with facts, however extensive, does not give power. It is the comprehension of principles and the ability to apply them to the varied circumstances in which he may be placed which makes a powerful man intellectually. Mental power is generated by hard thinking only, and he alone possesses it who has been accustomed to bring the powers of his understanding to bear with such intensity of heat upon the object submitted to his action as either to dissipate them in thin air, if they are intrinsically worthless, or to fuse and remould them into forms better suited to his purpose. Such a man, while resting or modifying all influences, however mighty and sweeping, coming in upon him from abroad, sends out a strong and modifying influence over the excited elements ranging around. He stands firmly fixed upon the adamantine rock of his

own clear convictions, against which the turbulent waves of human opinion dash harmlessly and break, and roar, and retire.

But from this immovable stand he utters a voice which the elements hear and obey. Such a man, with respect to other men, is neither planetary nor reflective, but self-luminous. What true dignity and solemnity encircles the brow of the mighty ruler of mind ! This concentration of thought, and the right application of its power, is the great want of the American people. They are proverbially a superficial people. The varied avenues to wealth which are open to all ; the easy access to every plane of social life ; the large expanse of territory to be inhabited ; the ease by which every variety of literature can be obtained ; so much miscellaneous activity causes them to be proverbially a superficial people. It is a pleasant feeling to indulge in the intoxication and reveries of all these things, and especially of literature. Oh, it is a great power and great privilege to live the life of the intellect. It is a great thing to be one with all time, and feel that we have a relation with all the centuries which precede and with an eternity to come. It is pleasant to trace the harmony of all natural objects between the stone and the tree, between everything great and small, even to the finest filaments revealed by the microscopic investigation, and the worlds which crowd the fields of the telescope, and find that all these worlds are braided together, that every artery and fibre of this universe beats in harmony. It is a great thing in any way to correct the limitations of the senses, to find the facts,

to penetrate the powers, to know why we are, and to know in what kind of a universe we are placed, to know it is not merely of the earth earthy. I say it is pleasant to have these spasmodic enlargements of feeling, the splendid revelation of the great harmony of the universe, of the wonders of creation, and the mind often when enraptured with these thoughts longs to break the bonds of mortality that it may be unfettered in its reach after knowledge. These thoughts that seem to lift us to a higher plane of life, if we add not unto them a profound and steady culture, with a practical application of the same, will only end in mental dyspepsia and death. Unless we concentrate our thoughts and actively employ them, we are not in harmony with the laws of creation. The powers of nature seldom lie long in repose, or conceal themselves from the light. Throughout all the realm of nature is manifested the subtile expression of a concentrated force, an active life.

September Musings.

Such magnificent days. The last in September. A very divine glory and wonder. Such splendor of color, and lavish joy, and ripeness, and perfection of life, that merely to live seems blessedness enough. Those are God's hills and plains afar off in the still, purple atmosphere, and the skies overhead with their depth of

blue, and the dear old green earth all about us. Joys, and thrills of triumphs, and fervors may well be in the heart these beautiful days at the thought of our existence, and that of the universe — the dwelling-place of the Almighty. Are we not most kindly dealt with from somewhere, and is there not a farthing set down in the account to our credit wherewith to purchase life and this grand estate? How freely have come to us all things — this patrimony of continent and ocean, lake and river, forest and field, mountain ledges, plains, and long drawn valleys.

Sunlight and darkness, days and seasons, are our goods and chattels, conveyed to us to the very threshold of our wants and conditions. All find themselves householders, rent free as air, housed beneath this magnificent blue dome, hung there by the one inscrutable Builder. What a canopy is this, broad as the east from the west, the north from the south !

We stand beneath it with awe, admiration, and worship. Back, how far back in eternity was there a foresight that looked forward to these times, and from that long range made transportation hither of the supplies, seeing that man would call for his horse, his ox, his wires, and expansive forces — would refuse to be comforted without coal and iron, human speech and Christianity? By a road no one ever saw, and of which the mind cannot conceive, to our very door have come friends and neighbors, all the good and great, beauty and food, air and water, truth and righteousness. We do well to regard this unfathomable fountain whence well up religious emotions indescribable.

The question will present : " How came God to be with purpose and power in Him to raise up unnumbered souls?" Back at an infinite distance in the eternities there was, so to speak, a condition and state that would not be without the Supreme Being and His handiwork. We are the fruits of that primal necessity.

We cannot define the Unknown, but out of the intensity of our lives we can proclaim, the Eternal is our father ; that the underlying power whence all things flow, that holds life and death in its grasp, is a power that makes for righteousness ; that it is good according to and transcending our highest ideas of goodness, and that we can trust in it wholly, serenely, triumphantly. To our comprehension it is impossible that the being of God should begin at any point in time rising out of nothing. That, no doubt, to minds human could never be. Again, to us it is no less an impossibility that the Supreme Existence should always have been. We do not know — never can know.

But in these beautiful September days no dark problems torment us. Only praise and thanksgiving that He was and is, and that such are His doings.

On the Mountain Top.

"O Life! with thee we take the mountain way;
Romantic clouds gleam in the palaced blue
Above our heads, and myrmidons of dew
Beneath our young feet twinkle as we stray,
Once o'er the golden walls and canon gray,
A sober calm invests us as we view
Our backward path; then on to heights more true
We press through storm and darkness, day by day,
The heavy thunder far below us dies,
Now lifted to the plane of wisdom's thought;
Between the rocky passes we are brought;
Through trailing mists half blind our mortal eyes,
Hints of the mighty scenery are caught,
And the last height — an infinite surprise."

— *J. B. Cowdin.*

"On every mountain top there lies repose." So thought the "Countess Irma," when she fled from the valley of error-up to the mountain top. Like surrounding nature, she grew calm and happy, without a wish. Nature was no longer strange to her. She felt herself a part of it. She learned in that higher atmosphere that the world around her was subject to law, and so was her own life, and that to man alone is vouchsafed the knowledge of his duty, so that he may learn freely to obey the dictates of his own nature. This thought illumined her soul with a light clear as the sky above her. It caused her to forget that she had ever lived another life — had ever erred. There was a new revelation also came to "Sir Gibbie," flee-

ing from the sight of sin as if he would scale heaven running up, for UP had grown almost a fixed idea in his mind. At last he stood on the bare round, the head of the mountain. He had never been on the top of anything before. He had always been in the hollow of things. He sat down on the topmost point, and slowly in the silence and the loneliness the heart of the child filled. The stillness grew great, and slowly descended upon him. Surely it would deepen to a voice! — it was about to speak! But why try to describe the indescribable? Only that we may catch a faint glimpse of the Infinite. But there was a link in the change of development; a change passed upon him. In after years when "Sir Gibbie" had the idea of God, when he had learned to think about Him, to believe that a will of love enveloped his will, as often as the thought of God came to him it came in the shape of silence on "Mt. Glasghar."

"And Aaron died on the top of the mountain." So it was with Grant. Far away from the noise of the city, on the mountain top, he fought his last battle. Often had he ascended the mountain sides before. It was to see the struggling armies, to look at the spectacle of death beneath. And so he comes up the mountain once more to meet the last grim foe. Here was purer air, a broader vision, a more peaceful hour. Of the ills of Aaron, or how he bitterly suffered, or how death came to him, we know not. The Hebrew is silent. We only know that he died on the mountain top. Jesus's love for retirement, His temptation, His transfiguration, His tragedy, His ascension, all invest

the mountain with spiritual suggestion and significance. Perhaps there is no place where one gets so much out of one's self as on a mountain. We seem to inhabit the large region which our eye commands. There is a buoyant and almost boundless sense of freedom. Can any one rise to a mountain top without in some way feeling the pressure of the infinitude above? Here it seems as if one were more sensitive to every thrill of the eternal energy. Here we may commune with the illimitable vast, and yet feel the oneness of the law which binds all worlds and atoms into harmony.

The Growth of the Bible.

A friend of mine, a teacher in the Sabbath-school, said to me not long ago: "Why are the Hebrews spoken of all through the Old Testament as God's chosen people? Through what instruments does God's will take effect? Is it through the actual kings, adulterous David, deceitful Ahab, or blasphemous Uzziah?" In reading the Bible we must take into consideration the morality of the Old Testament is the morality of the barbarous age in which it was written.

We need to start with the thought that this race of ours began in childhood, weak, helpless, ignorant, in the midst of a universe that we have found to be practically infinite. That is, the race began knowing noth-

ing, practically — a little, weak, infantile race, looking this way and that, imagining something here, building up its little theories, getting its ideas as best it could from its limited experience, finding out that it was wrong, trying to correct its errors, to get new and better thoughts. And so through its struggles, age after age, this race of ours has been growing slowly from the beginning. That is the point you need to keep in mind as the key to the whole great problem ; you need to remember that at first it was inevitable that the child-world should have childish thoughts about the world, about God, about itself, about the future. We need to remember that every religion has simply been an attempt of this child-world to think the truth about its world, about its God, about itself, about the relation in which it stands to God. As a race develops it becomes wiser. There is a nobler thought of God ; He is looked upon as a wiser and better being. There is a nobler conception of man, and the attempts on the part of man to come into right relations with God are wiser and better and more humane.

The ancient simplicity did not shun to think of God as making a mistake and confessing a failure. There is something very charming about that simplicity. So great was the faith these ancient people had in their God — He seemed to them so near, so human, that they could not help crediting Him with their own sensations. And their confidence in Him and their reverence for Him was in no wise diminished by regarding Him liable to err. When He saw how wicked man was, He must, they thought, have been disappointed,

not anticipating such a result, and grieved that He made him. We cannot, of course, with our maturer conception of Deity, adopt that view, but the fact remains.

That fact is the moral corruption of the early world and the failure of the first societies of men arose from want of the requisite moral aids. Their failures are no test of the moral nature of man. They only show that the moral life is a gradual growth; that the moral force which constitutes the stay and assures the stability of state is the slow accumulations of succeeding ages of moral and religious teaching and example. Revelation is not spasmodic and intermittent, but continuous and progressive. It is the spirit of God in man which giveth understanding, and which here and there in certain elect natures acts with exceptional power and speaks with peculiar authority. There never was a time when God was not revealing Himself with such illuminations and visions of the truth as each age and people were able to comprehend. Whittier, the Quaker poet, once said he was not disturbed by any new developments since he held to the "inner light." "We have the law and prophets within ourselves as truly as in the sacred books." He remarked and implied that even if very liberal views of the Bible came to prevail he would not be troubled, since he confided in the doctrine of the divine immanence most of all. Here he said the Quakers have an advantage over other denominations of Christian people. However, he thought the Bible would never be supplanted, since it alone perfectly corresponds with the needs of the soul.

The word elect was first applied to the Jews ; they were the elect or chosen people. They were selected from among all nations for a great duty and opportunity ; they were taught the unity of God and His holiness.

They were a city set on a hill to proclaim these truths. That was their opportunity. It was not happiness, or heaven, or even goodness. They were chosen for but work. When they hardened into bigotry of Phariseeism or froze into skepticism of Sadduceeism, when they ceased to do the work, then they ceased to be the elect people.

Other nations were chosen, too, for other purposes. The Greeks were a chosen people to develop the idea of beauty, as the Jews were religion. It was no accident, their coming from confluent races and settling in that sweet climate and romantic land. This was their election, and they made it sure. The Romans were a prosaic people enough, but filled with the idea of justice, and they were chosen to develop the idea of law, and when Rome ceased to do its work well it fell.

Whatever is said of the Jews as an elect people is intended to show us a divine principle which must be applied to others. We are all as much elected as the Jews to do a certain work, not to the old harsh and terrible election, dishonorable to God and so paralyzing to efficient growth, but lovely and encouraging when looked at aright. Happy are we if like the Christ we can say, "I have finished the work given me to do." As time goes on and we look back over past life we can see the working of the divine decree. We can see more clearly what our election was, how we fulfilled

it, and how far failed. How we have been partly led and partly driven into our true work, disciplined for a purpose we never dreamed of for good to God's other children. We builded better than we knew. Oh, my friend, do not stumble over the weaknesses and failures of the elect or chosen people of God, but take this grand old Bible for just what it is, and treat it as the thought and the life of its age. Notwithstanding the high coloring of oriental thought by legends, and un-historical as much of the account of the Hebrew race in its early stages may be, it is an admirable illustration of human life. It is a large picture of the wonders and dreads, of the temptations and expectations, of the sins and sorrows which in turn possesses the heart of mankind. The garden of innocence, the first wrong doing, the slavery in Egypt, the march toward freedom, the wanderings in the wilderness, the land of promise, the falls and the risings, all are types of what occur in each nation and each soul. Through all the stages, with boundless illustration, as the thread runs through a piece of music, now soaring heaven high on triumphant wings of sound, now rolling along with lower, easier tone blending with earth passions, runs the thread of religious faith and obedience to the unseen Power.

This World a School.

" 'Tis not when all our friends do praise and cheer,
When parents, children, lovers, all are near ;
When blithe and gay we dance and sing and laugh,
And greedily the cup of pleasure quaff.
When peaceful down life's stream we glide along,
The human soul doth find its voice for song.

" ' But when life's bitter storms have washed us o'er,
And, heart-wrecked, tossed us panting on the shore ;
When all our hopes have long to ashes burned,
And we've in sorrow's school the lesson learned,
When blindly groping we the way do seek —
'Tis then the human soul doth wake and speak.' "

A divine foreknowledge and purpose placed us in one of the many mansions prepared here for us to grow up into what He means us to be. This entrance into the universe is such an amazing event that it might easily overwhelm us with wonder. But we are so softly cradled into being we do not feel the enormous change. As Wordsworth says: "The little child is so occupied with the earth and its thousand interests, the outward wonders conceal from him the vastly greater inward ones." But to make the most of this School of Life we must see this wonder of existence, we must feel what a great comprehensible gift was bestowed on each of us, in that we live.

Arriving on earth, no other animal is so helpless as we are ; before we leave we have taken such lessons in power that all things obey us. Every day brings a

new lesson. In learning the use of the natural organs we must learn their relations to other things. Then follow books and classes and companions with their instructions.

The glory of it is that we can know anything. That fact alone should fill us with peace in believing and joy in helping, for it implies just what any alphabet implies ; it puts in our hands the keys of the whole kingdom of knowledge ; and then if we are worthy, if we desire to know the true and the good, our path will be towards ever increasing light. When we read a book we know it is the product of intelligence because it is intelligible. The author's mind is put in communication with ours through a common medium of thought, so that through the book we know the man. Is not the universe such a book ? Is not every fact of science and of experience an intelligible sentence expressing a fragment of divine thought ?

The universe is intelligible, therefore it is a product and an expression of intelligence. We can read its meaning in part ; therefore our minds are of the same sort with the Maker's ; we share the divine nature, and are capable of receiving revelations. Here we are, and I believe it is good to be here. But we need the transfiguring light of spiritual truth to make clear to us the goodness of our existence and the glory of our surroundings. The higher must interpret the lower, not the lower the higher. Of this mighty volume I can make out neither beginning nor end ; but every random sentence grows luminous when I read it in the light of the truth that man is a spirit, and that he is

placed here for spiritual development and discipline. Do we feel weary of the task and like shutting up the book and throwing it down in despair? Courage, comrades! Let us turn our hearts toward the teacher and our minds to the task. There is a perfect providence in all things and in our relation to all things, else our whole being would be unreal and creation rotten to the core. Everything around us and within us is meant to bear a part in our education, although at the same time we may feel that the lessons are hard, and have to be dragged or whipped into it. We dare not throw off the burden of our existence, but seek for more strength to carry it. We must escape the limitations which gall our freedom by outgrowing them, by rising above them. The "life more abundant" is the only remedy for what we call evil, and that remedy must be taken internally, and almightiness is never far from any of us if we are only in a receptive mood (it is only by the right use of our powers we are kept in a way of receiving an increase of life in every faculty). Let us then accept this world as our primary school, as God's nursery and kindergarten. A school assumes that something more can be made of a child; that he is capable of "becoming;" that he is full of possibilities, needs help, and can profit by discipline. Thus by the right use of our powers we are kept in the way of receiving increase of life in supplies, the opportunity, and the incitement. This makes the world a school. We find ourselves placed in an order of things which is intended to bring out our inborn capacities. First, we open communication with the world through

our senses, and as the mind works it grows, and ideas grow with it. Under this stimulus of knowledge and experience principles unfold from within as petals in a rose-bud. Arriving on earth, no other animal is as helpless as man, but before he leaves he has taken such lessons in power that all things obey him. How many and how varied are his teachers; but whether the lessons are hard or easy, whether teachers are kind or stern, the school goes on without holding a vacation until the end of life. Many credit-marks are set to our account, but we often fail in recitations, and examination day finds many of us unable to pass in certain branches. We are not put here in this primary school of life to have a good time or a bad time, not primarily to get money or to fail in getting it. Life is not to be counted by any of these standards. The man who has gained the grandest soul development, when he stands on the border and looks death in the face, is the one man out of the whole world who has understood life and has taken out of it what God meant him to take. The man who is great in any other direction has missed the best there is if he has missed this. The primary school is only preparatory to other departments — the grammar school, the high school, the university of God's great universe. Great men graduate at the school of failure. Failure shows a man his weak points, and puts him on his guard. The seed which lies buried in the earth must indeed struggle through the clods into the light; but is the earth an obstruction or a help? Up through ignorance, animalism, clay; up through fear, failure, blindness; up through pain,

labor, sin ; up toward life and light and liberty, struggles the soul of man, bearing in itself the germ of heaven, quickened by the Eternal Spirit and attracted by the ever-shining sun of Righteousness. And to the soul that is faithful to itself all hindrances become helps, all defeats victories. I believe that if we were to see the meaning of life as we gain glimpses of it now and then, instead of looking upon death as a calamity we should look at it as God's servant, sent, as the pedagogue used to be sent in ancient times, to lead the child by the hand to school. And when one after another of us open the door and disappear, the others behind think, perhaps, that we have ceased to be, because they cannot see us any more ; while we know, as Rev. Benjamin Eicher said just before departure, " We are only going into the higher grades of study ; " and I think that they who are beyond us can look back again, see what we are going through, can sympathize with us, can understand us as we understand children before they have grown to our physical, mental, and spiritual stature. And they cry over their lessons, find things burdensome and hard to bear — as children do — because they do not understand the relation which their things sustain to that which is higher.

The Golden Bowl.

- " We say 'God-speed' to dear ones when they leave us
For distant lands beyond the foaming wave,
But ever still, for word and sign and token
That all is well, our hearts, expectant, crave.
- " How do they fare, the well-beloved, the living,
Who seek, afar, earth's wonders on their way?
We follow all their footsteps in their journey,
And watch and wait each message, day by day.
- " We lay our loved away — our dead and dearest;
How fares the soul? our hearts in anguish cry,
'Tis not for us to rend the veil of silence,
Who ne'er have drunk from sorrow's cup reply.
- " 'Seek not communion with the world of spirits,
And all thy efforts, unavailing, cease;
Turn thou to others in the throng of living,
Leave thou the dead to slumber and to peace,'
- " The dead, who loved us, come again in longing!
Would they be happy in some far-off sphere,
Estranged from all the tender ties once sacred,
Which made of life its consecration here?
- " No! Still they love us! Still they long to tell us,
In wondrous way, by message and by sign,
'All is not lost! we seek you as you seek us!'
Wouldst thou shut out these messengers divine?"

— Anna Olcott Commelin.

As there is one keystone in the arch, so there is one master link in the family bond. Often we know not its binding power until it is taken away. We turn our thoughts to one who made the ideal home, pervaded it, filled its every part like air and sunshine coming in at open windows. A bright attraction drew all to this centre. It was not what he said or did ; it was what he was that inclined footsteps to his door. Those who once felt the subtle, penetrating sweetness felt they must return to bask in it again and again ; so he never lost friends by a loss more pathetic than death. There was no dislocation in his life.

The golden bowl is broken and confusion seems at first to have come. Hearts are bruised and sore eyes fill involuntarily with tears. The place he filled and animated has suddenly turned into a tomb. There is the empty chair he sat in, the unfinished letter. The pale sunshine glides into the room as if looking sadly in all the corners and missing him with a human sorrow. We wait for his step. Will it not sound on the stairs? No ; there is only the rustle of a tree outside. The golden bowl is broken and the frightful fact of death tears us from all our support and leaves us with reaching tendrils that find nothing whereon to cling. He often said the abiding ones should never reproach themselves for aught they had done or left undone, but it seems now as if we were scant in our testimony of his goodness, and now it is in vain to regret that we cannot mend the broken bond, though we were to splice it with our very heart-strings. An example like his cannot die. It has been divided like sacramental bread

and wine at the holy communion of souls. We each have partaken who loved him.

He fell asleep like a little child on its mother's breast, with the inscrutable smile on his lips. He who had been "fathering" everybody all his life long was at last gathered gently and painlessly into the Father's everlasting arms. At last God is lifting us up in secret in the night of our grief, and helping us to bear the present and to endure the prospect of the future by idealizing the past. The common life we once lived is turned into poetry. The imagination is exalted and purified by the touch of death. Never before were the songs of sorrow so touching, such as "In Memoriam," and a thousand tender elegies with which the human heart seeks to ease itself of a burden too heavy to be borne. Life has taken a new face; death has ceased to be wholly unknown. We have entered with another spirit into the cloud and into the shadow, the unknowable has thinned a little at its edges. We have had glimpses, we have heard voices, there have been visions granted us, and all the consciousness of seeing and believing breaks into song. Like terror and pity, it purifies the source of our nature, choked so long with warlikeness. The sluice-ways of inspiration have long been dry and dusty.

The golden bowl is broken; our pride and ambition withered and burned up like chaff. God saw that it was well for us to be small and weak; to stand with stretching, pleading hands across the border, that meet no answering human touches. He would teach us to know we can only live in and by Him. With the

great desolation on the heart He has given us for the first time the impulse to compare our own little threnody, poor clumsy thing, but vital, because it lives in us with real life. A thousand unimportant memories, foolish to others, sacred to ourselves, give comfort unconsciously, like the wandering touches of baby hands. Parts of it make us weep bitter tears because of the scant box of spikenard we have broken on the feet of love. They are parts of our dark hour song we can least afford to miss. Pain for the deed undone, the word unspoken, may help us to a tender thoughtfulness in the future, in the place of the great sorrow we feel coming at last, an earnest of the permanency of love, the hope of meeting somewhere in God's boundless universe. A something says: "Peace be still;" stop your raving and resistance, poor, bruised heart. "Rest in the Lord." It comes to us when we pine for the touch of a vanished hand, the dear, lost presence of husband and housemate. All of immortality is pulsing in what comes to us, and faith spreads her wings and rises like a meadowlark into heaven. At last the song becomes constant in us, and we are soothed to rest, and weep no more with that desolating sense of loss and loneliness.

But we can never convey this little song to another. Each must hear it for himself. We can never explain nor prove its truths to the sceptical or unbelieving. We can only hint it vaguely to those who have had a like experience. There are people who would think it all moonshine and nonsense. We are very sorry for them, but cannot help them. We can only pray that

in some dark hour they may hear its thrilling melody — the little song whose substance is faith, whose refrain is assurance of the divine competency and goodness. They, too, must be broken on the wheel of loss ; their pride of life and self-importance destroyed by the blows of the mysterious powers above us, before the song will come to them breathing peace, hope, and trust, and perfect submission.

Thus the golden bowl is being mended again. It binds us to the hereafter. We have a new interest in the place where he and such as he are assembled. It sets us to thinking how poorly we are fitted to enter that company, and humbler to strive in tremulous hope that God will send His spirit to fashion us into a new likeness, even an heavenly one.

From Darkness to light.

There are few people of strong feelings and large experience who do not have their hours and moods of gloomy unbelief, when the wintry aspect of the world forbids their faith in a coming spring, and the cold sky repels the hands they lift in vain, seeking for the hand of God. We are constituted to reactions ; are made to feel acutely ; our relations are harps in the hands of the whole choir of harpers, who are on the ground before us. In such moods we are inclined to ask : "How can He sit up there in the calm and glory and hear the awful wail of this world's sin and

misery, so many thousands of years, and not come armed with His God-like power to its succor?'' When we think of all the broadcast wretchedness, the anguish and grief upon which the stars are shining this cold midnight — why, its enough to drive one mad ; 'tis the long agony of our kind that crushes us. We cannot get away from it. We cannot study or think. We only hear the blind, struggling cry of the race. But as we sit listening the cold midnight passes away, and the fair glory from the east has pierced its gloom. The rosy dawn is touching the spires and house-tops, dispelling with its gold the shadows to our secret rooms. Nature acts not in the external world alone, but in the core of all life. No mortal eye hath seen the love that created all within the known sphere, yet, when we are lifted up into a higher atmosphere, where all discordant sounds blend in perfect harmony above the strata where struggle and sorrow and passion abide, we insensibly feel its reign. What keeps the world together but opposites? What makes the earth bring forth its fruits but the kindliness of the sun? What makes the bird, with all the air for its wanderings, come back to the fledgeling in its nest? Strike love that conjoins from creation and creation returns to a void. Take parental love away and life is born to perish. Where stop the influence of love? Love binds the citizens of states together and keeps the laws that subject individual liberty to the common good. Love creates, love cements, enters, and harmonizes all things. Wherever we see good and beauty preside with the faculty of joy, there we should recognize the

Divinity. But I think I hear one say : " Where I see misery and hate, what should I recognize there ? " Can the good come without a struggle ? Is the beautiful accomplished without strife ? Recall the tales of primeval chaos, when, as sung the primal singer, love first darted into the midst ; imagine the heaves and throes of conjoining elements. Conjure up the first living element born of fluctuating slime and vapor ; surely they were things incomplete, deformed, ghastly fragments of being, as are the dreams of a maniac. Had creative love stopped there, and from the heights of some fairer world viewed the warring portents, then it might have been said, these are the works of evil and hate. Love did not stop there but worked on, and out of chaos swung this glorious world into ether, the completed sister of the stars. Again, see the sculptor in his earlier strife with the marble, how uncouth the first outline of limb and feature, unlovelier in the rugged commencement of shape than when the dumb mass stood shapeless. The sculptor does not stop here, but stroke by stroke comes from the stone a shape with more beauty than man is endowed with. Thus it is with the soul in its nude sphere, it works its way on through the adverse matter. We see its work half completed, and in our midnight darkness cannot see the dawn, can hear only the wail of the world's great anguish, and cry out : " Look ! this is misery, this is hate, because the chaos is not a perfect world, and the stone block is not yet a statue of Apollo. " Forgetting in our moods of doubt that the rosy morn is coming, and that we must not pause lingering in doubt but work on and on until the victory brings repose.





THE JANE A. CHILCOTE PUBLIC LIBRARY





"THE MORNING HAS DAWNED."

A few years ago, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Dr. Chilcote, to while away the weary hours, had published a book entitled "The Morning Will Dawn." It treats of life in the hereafter, from the Christian's standpoint, and contains essays written at different times, and it is really quite an interesting collection.

It is full of hope and faith. She had no idea of putting the book on the market, but distributed it among her friends and gave her club friends each a copy. She was a member of the Reading Circle and of the Nineteenth Century club. She was always rather bookish and she enjoyed good literature greatly.

For her "the morning has dawned." She died last Wednesday afternoon at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cox, in Chicago. She was there visiting when she was taken down and her brother, D. H. Ballard, was sent for and was present at her death.

She was 73 years old. She was born in Hendricks county, Ind., and came to Iowa with her husband, Dr. Chilcote, in 1853. Washington was but a hamlet of a few hundred at that time. She has been identified with the town from the beginning. Her husband, Dr. A. W. Chilcote, was one of the best known and one of the most useful men for the town and county. He grew wealthy here; that is, wealthy as men are called well to do in a country town. He never hoarded his money, but as they had no children, he was always a liberal giver. They gave liberally to all worthy enterprises, and Mrs. Chilcote did not cease to be philanthropic after her husband's death, but was always a willing giver to whatever came up worthy of support. She was a wonderfully good woman. She always retained her interest in the young people and was beloved by all her young

friends. Their home life was what one might call ideal, as both were very domestic in their tastes, and after Dr. Chilcote's death in April, 1895, she was very lonely and was no doubt more than ready to go when the summons came. Her kindly face will be much missed in the town, as she was one of the best known women of the town.

There are surviving her, D. H. Ballard, a brother, of this city; M. D. Ballard of Seattle, also a brother, and Mrs. A. W. Cox, a sister at whose home she died in Chicago, and a sister, Mrs. J. R. Lewis of San Jose-Cal. The funeral was held Friday afternoon from the residence, and was conducted by Dr. Coxe and Rev. Schreckengast.

All the stores and the banks were closed Friday afternoon during the hour of Mrs. Chilcote's funeral, which was a creditable mark of respect to an old and honored pioneer.

By the death of Mrs. Chilcote the town comes into possession of her elegant residence to be used as a library and it will be a delightful place for that purpose. She had so provided in her will.

Dr. A. W. Chilcote.

The city is in mourning over the death of Alexander W. Chilcote, one of our most prominent, most respected citizens. For several weeks his friends have been apprehensive of his condition, but not till the fore part of last week was all hope abandoned. The disease was paralysis and a general breaking up of the system.

Dr. Chilcote was born in Somerset Ohio, in 1825. As a young man he taught school in his native county, as many of our successful men in life have done. In 1844, he took up the study of medicine, teaching school between times to make sufficient money to carry on his studies. Dr. Chilcote was married to Miss Jane Ballard in 1848 and started out to practice medicine. After one year's successful practice and when his business began to prosper, his eyesight began failing and he was obliged to abandon his cherished ambition. He set up in the drug business in Danville, Indiana, was burned out in a few years and was left with little or nothing except an unconquerable and indomitable purpose to get on in the world. They came west and located in Washington in 1852, when this was a hamlet of 300 people. He started in the drug business again and succeeded so well financially, socially and in winning the confidence of the people that he became one of the organizers of the Farmers & Merchants' Bank, an institution since merged into the Washington National Bank, of which he has been president since it began. There is little that we can add by way of eulogy. His life is an open book. His life has been filled with good deeds. No one who was in the least worthy asked him for aid in vain and the unfortunate were not turned empty handed away. He was public spirited to a degree and no religious or educational enterprise ever appealed to him without substantial reward.

For the last four or five years his eyesight has been failing and for several years he was almost totally blind. Yet, in all his affliction, he never complained, but kept cheerful and thought of the bright side of life and not the dark. He was of a humorous turn and no one enjoyed a joke better than himself. Dr. Chilcote has gone to his reward. There is sorrowing on earth, because he remained not longer in it. But the world was made better by his having lived in it. There are few as good men as was Dr. Chilcote, none better.

W. E. Chilcote.

Of the drug firm Chilcote & Cook, died suddenly early Saturday p. m., of congestion of the lungs. He had not felt well for several days, but was at the store on Friday. At 20 minutes past noon Dr. Jenkins called and found that his left lung was closed, came up town for medicine, but before he could get back, the whole mass of tissue had become impervious to air and he was dead.

The news shocked the town, not more by its unexpectedness than by reason of regret that a man held in such universal high esteem was no more. He was affectionately called "Billy" Chilcote by every body, he was so common, kindly, genial, mirthful, and we doubt if he ever had an enemy.

Had he lived till Feb. 22, he would have reached his 64th birthday. Born in Ohio, he came here in 1856, and with the exception of two years on the farm he had been a familiar in the pioneer drug store.

He had many personal afflictions, but his spirit rose superior to them all, and he was always cheerful, patient, and often merry. His kindness to neighbors, relatives and friends was boundless.

His wife was Miss McGaughey, and her long invalidism was a sore sympathetic trial to him. She was very ill at his death. Three children survive him, W. E. jr., Mrs. C. Mercer, Mrs. Slocum.

In his youth in Ohio he had served as apprentice in a printing office, rose above the "devilship," and always had a love for the A. P. A.,—art preservative of arts. In the cellar of the store he kept an old cider press of a press and could not resist the fascination of the black art with the types.

He was vice president of and a large stock-holder in Washington National Bank, and the bank is dressed in weeds in his memory. He was the oldest in continuous-business man in town.

He no doubt leaves a comfortable estate, as he had gas, bank and other interests aside from those of the store.

He was an M. E., but did not need church relations to make him the kind, clean, honest man he was. This city has never had a better man, and his death is a loss that all feel.

"Alf" Chilcote as everybody called him, answered taps, as they say in the army, last Wednesday evening, after an illness of only a few days. His friends say they had noticed he was failing for some time, but it was not generally known and nobody knew of his being seriously ill. But about a week before, he had a sinking spell with heart trouble and it was not long after that, till the word went around that he was bad off, and soon that he was dead.

Alfred Chilcote was born in Somerset, Ohio, in 1844. He went to Wisconsin when a lad, which seems odd, when we know that emigration is nearly always along lines of latitude, but this is what his family did. He enlisted in the 20th Wisconsin Infantry and served with credit but we have not his term of service, although we remember from his talks at camp fires that he did not go at the beginning of the war. He always looked at his war service as a joke. He used to say that he did not go to the army out of patriotism, but to get out of "hauling manure," this being an important part of every farmer boy's duty on the farm. But this was his waggish way of looking at his military service. He saw a good deal of hard service and made a good record as a private soldier, as we know from his disposition to make light of every hardship. He had a brother, Ben, who was killed in the Battle of Gainesville, Va., Aug. 28, 1862.

He was one of a family of eleven and we believe he is the last survivor. We knew only him, Dr. Chilcote and William Chilcote, the druggist.

All were splendid gentlemen.

Alf. Chilcote did not look like a man who could endure much, yet he reached a fairly good age. But we believe his good humor and his quizzical view of life prolonged his years, for we believe anybody will live longer by being good natured than by being a grouch. And he was anything but that.

We shall not forget his story of how he trapped some rats one night that in his defective eyes looked like rodents, but they were nice little creatures that are valuable for their furs, otherwise known in every day language as skunks. He made an inspection before he found out his mistake and then he had to hide out for a few weeks before he was presentable in good society. At least, so he came down town to his loafing place, Sherman Bros., and told the story.

The writer does not claim to have known him intimately although the writer knew his family fairly well and esteemed him very highly. He had the Chilcote love of a good story or a good joke. And he laughed at the joke just as heartily if it was on himself as if it had been on the other fellow.

This proves him to have been a good scout, as the boys say, that is a good fellow, a warm hearted gentleman, and he was all of that.

He was a regular attendant at the Methodist church. As suggested, he had defective eyesight and could not recognize his closest friends on the street, except by their voices.

For years he was a farmer. He moved to town some ten or a dozen years ago and we did not know that he did much of anything for the last half dozen years. But he enjoyed life, every bit of it. He was a genial, quizzical, waggish man. He leaves a wife, a sister to his brother, William's, wife. She and three children survive him. The children are Mrs. Charley Weldin, of Wapello, Will, in the east part of town, and Edith, who is at present at home and who is a Deaconess in the Methodist church. One child is dead.

The old soldiers attended the funeral in a body on Thursday. The pall bearers were all old veterans. They were, J. W. Morton, J. J. Kellogg, C. M. Stinson, M. D. Scott, Geo. Corbin and Dave Eichelberger. His pastor, Rev. Smith, conducted the services.